£1,288 THIS WEEK.

PEARSON'S WEEKLY

£1,000 Free Insurance.

No. 914.] One Penny. Subscription for transmission to Canada. WEEK ENDING JANUARY 23, 1903. Entered at Stationers' Hall. [Price One Penny.

HOLBROOK'S SAUCE

calls forth

"Golden opinions from all sorts of people."

"No Better Food."

Dr. ANDREW WILSON, F.R.S.E., etc.

Fry's

PURE CONCENTRATED

Cocoa

"I have never tasted Cocoa that I like so well."

—Sir CHAS. CAMERON, C.B., M.D.,

Ex-President of the Royal College of Surgeons, Ireland.

THIS STANDS FIRST FOR THE BREAKFAST TABLE

Nothing adds to the harmony and delight of the breakfast table like a delicious dainty that all can enjoy and that does everybody good, such as

Golden Shred Marmalade

which is distinguished above all others by its purity and refinement, its delicate taste, and its excellent tonic effect.

A TRUE LUXURY.

ROBERTSON—ONLY MAKER.

The Housewife's Friend.

"VASELINE"

The Everyday Need.

SIX USEFUL TRIAL SAMPLES, POST FREE, 6d.

"VASELINE" is the basis of so many preparations for which there is no everyday use. The Trial Sample Set of Six Preparations is intended to introduce you to the many merits of "VASELINE." The "VASELINE" Preparations are sold by all Chemists.

For loving household everything for preserving the hair and preventing it falling—for healing all skin troubles—for relieving the sensitive and tender skin—there is a Vaseline preparation for all these and much more—for detailed see booklet.

SAMPLE BOXES CONTAIN SIX ARTICLES—1 Tube 2 Bits "Vaseline." 1 Tube Opodeldoc "Vaseline." 1 Tube Pomade "Vaseline." 1 Tin Pure "Vaseline." 1 Tin "Vaseline" Cold Cream. 1 Tin "Vaseline" Camphor Ice.

And 6d. in Stamps (if sent preferred) to the—

CHESEBROUGH MANUFACTURING CO., Proprietors of "Vaseline."

42 Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

And one will be forwarded post free.

New Cure For Rupture

New Scientific Appliance. Always a Perfect Fit—Adjustable to any size Person—Easy, Comfortable. Never Slips. No Obnoxious Springs or Pads—Costs Less than Many Common Trusses—Made for Men, Women and Children.

I Send It On Approval—You Wear It—If You Are Not Satisfied, I Refund Your Money—Brings Immediate Relief to Sufferers.

I have invented a rupture appliance that I can safely say, by thirty years' experience in the rupture business, is the only one that will absolutely hold the rupture and never slip and yet is light, cool, comfortable, conforms to every movement of the body without chafing or hurting, and costs less than many ordinary trusses. There are no springs or hard, lumpy pads, and yet it holds the rupture safely and firmly without pain or inconvenience. I have put the price so low that any person, rich or poor, can buy, and I absolutely guarantee it.

C. E. Brooks, the Inventor.

I make it to your order—send it to you—you wear it, and if it doesn't satisfy you send it back to me, and I will refund your money.—C. E. Brooks.

That is the fairest proposition ever made by a rupture specialist. The banks or any responsible citizen in Marshall will tell you that is the way I do business—always absolutely fair and square.

For several years my appliance has been used in all parts of America, with a wonderful record of success. It has come to be recognised as the only sure, unfailing relief from all the tortures of rupture, and the most reliable method of cure. Thousands of reputable, honest, thankful men and women testify to the great good the Brooks Rupture Appliance has done them. Since its introduction into England, my appliance has brought perfect relief and comfort to many who had suffered for years from rupture.

Mr. John Jones, Caldcote Road, Hartshill, Nr. Atherstone, Warwickshire, writes us as follows:

Hartshill, July 11, 1907.

Mr. Brooks, Sir:—Just a line to say I received your appliance quite safe and am very much pleased with it. I am sure it will give satisfaction and I find it is a great benefit when working, as it gives ease and comfort. I am also able to digest my food so much better. You can make what use you like of this letter as I am sure I will tell anyone who suffers as I have. Thanking you very much for your kindness, I remain, Yours truly,
JOHN JONES.

A gentleman from Blackpool, whose name we will furnish on application, has also found relief. He says:

Blackpool, May 12, 1906.

Dear Sir:—I received the appliance on the 1st inst., and am very pleased with it. It adapts itself to the body in a marvellous manner and serves its purpose perfectly. I have never felt so safe or so comfortable before since I was ruptured. I cycle and take a lot of exercise, but the cushion always stays in place, whatever position I get in. I am,
Yours truly, W. T. S.

If you have tried most everything else, come to me. Where others fail, I have my greatest success. Write me to-day and I will send you my book on Rupture and its cure, showing my appliance and giving you prices and names of people who have tried it and been cured. It is instant relief when all others fail. Remember I use no salves, no harness, no lies. Just a straight business deal at a reasonable price.

Remember, a letter to America requires 2½d. postage. Write your name very plain and be sure to give your full address so there can be no mistake in delivery. Address,

C. E. BROOKS,
[illegible] Brooks Bldg., Marshall, Mich., U.S.A.

THE GREAT ENGLISH REMEDY.
Established 1874. The World's Cure for
Coughs, Colds, and other Lung Troubles

Owbridge's LUNG TONIC

SPEAKERS, SINGERS, and those who suffer from THROAT WEAKNESS find it
SAFE AND EFFECTIVE.
Sold everywhere at 1/1½, 2/9, 4/6 & 11/-
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IF YOU TAKE

BEECHAM'S PILLS you will find that it will pay you. You will gain by doing so. In return for the small outlay which a box of the pills costs, you will ensure a healthy stomach and regular action of the liver and bowels, resulting in good digestion, pure blood and a feeling of general tonicity. Health is the best wealth, and it is surely remunerative to exchange the weariness and depression which always accompany the reverse condition, for the vigour and activity of physical well-being.

BEECHAM'S PILLS

are a safe, simple, well-tried medicine of incalculable value for the relief and cure of all irregularities of the bowels, stomach, liver and kidneys. Most of the ills that flesh is heir to arise from the neglect of these organs. An occasional dose of Beecham's Pills will promote their regular action, and by removing the first causes of disease will prevent the establishment of grave disorders. At home or abroad, on business or pleasure, you should never be without Beecham's Pills. Always keep a box at hand for

IT WILL PAY YOU.

Sold everywhere in boxes, price 1/1½ (56 pills) & 2/9 (168 pills).

EVERY MAN

SUFFERING from NERVOUS and PHYSICAL DEBILITY should send for a valuable Pamphlet explaining how all Nervous and Organic Derangements and Varicocele may be successfully treated without stomach medication. The method is easy and pleasant, and will effect a perfect and permanent cure. Sent in plain sealed envelope, post free.

E. B. NORTON,
59 and 60
CHANCERY LANE,
LONDON.

Over thirty years' continuous success.

Better than Cod Liver Oil . . . .

REAL DEVONSHIRE CREAM (CLOTTED) absolutely pure; no preservatives used; the most efficacious substitute for cod liver oil; invaluable for children and invalids, ½lb., 1s. 4d.; 1lb., 2s. 4d.; 2lb., 4s. 4d., free; supplied constantly to the Countesses Cadogan, Pembroke, Sefton, Dundonald, Guilford, Lichfield, etc., by

Mrs. CONYERS,
BRIDESTOW, S.O.,
DEVONSHIRE.

ALL YOU NEED TO WRITE

Just these four words—no more—are all you need write to share in the many delightful and pleasing surprises contained in H. SAMUEL'S

BEAUTIFUL ALBUM OF WATCHES & JEWELS

a volume of absorbing interest to all. This [illegible] of [illegible] and [illegible] how it is possible to

SAVE NEARLY HALF

Solid Gold, Set with two Pearls and Fine Ruby. 6/6

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SILVER BROOCHES, 1/6; SOLID GOLD LOCKETS, 5/6; SILVER-PLATED CRUETS 4/6; &c., &c.

A Month's Free Trial is allowed, and the immense savings in the factory prices are further augmented by additional FREE PRIZES for all buyers. The book costs you nothing, so take up your pen and WRITE FOR IT NOW!

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97 Market St.,
MANCHESTER.

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Violin Outfits Complete 10/6, 15/-, 21/-, &c.
Mandoline Outfits, 12/6, 17/6, 22/6.
Banjo Outfits, 22/6, 35/-, 50/-.
Music Stands (Portable) 2/-, 3/6, 4/6.
Lists post free. State requirements.
HENRY RILEY,
CONSTITUTION HILL, Birmingham.

A BOON TO LADIES

BLANCHARD'S PILLS are especially compounded for ladies, and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent Physicians, and sold by all Chemists and Stores at 1/1½ a box, or post free from Leslie Martyn, Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

TIRED MEN

When you are tired of taking mysterious prescriptions and weary of wearing Electric Belts, write to me and I will send you a Book which shows how every man, young and old, may be Quickly and Thoroughly Cured of NERVOUSNESS, EXHAUSTION, VARICOCELE, and DEBILITY from any cause whatever, WITHOUT STOMACH MEDICINE or ELECTRICITY. Hundreds of cures. Book sent sealed, post free, for Two Stamps. Mention this paper.

A. J. LEIGH, 92 and 93 Great Russell St., LONDON, W.C. Over 20 years' successful results.

SANTELCO.

The New Remedy, quicker and more effective than Santal Oil, Perles, Copaiba and other so-called cures. Post free 2/9 and 4/6 from Herbert's Remedy Co., Chemists, 9 Electric Parade, Holloway, London.
Mention this paper.

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TINS 1/1½
LOZENGES
CURE THE WORST COUGH

BOON TO MEN

Nervous and Physical Weakness—Urinary Troubles, Lack of Vigour, Varicocele, and other allied diseases. Send for Treatise, with full particulars, including Hundreds of Testimonials of complete Cures. No Electricity. Sent sealed free.

J. L. MURRAY, 7 Southampton Row, Holborn, London, W.C.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER Ltd., BELFAST

IRISH DAMASK

Fish Napkins, 2/11 per doz. Dinner Napkins, 5/6 per doz. Table Cloths, 2yd. square, 2/11; 2½ by 3yd., 5/11. Kitchen Table Cloths, 11½d. each. Irish Linen Pillow Cases, 10/6 per doz. Linen Sheeting, 2 yds. wide, 1/11 per yard. Roller Towelling, 3d. per yard.

(SAMPLES AND PRICE LISTS POST FREE.)

Surplice Linen, 10½d. per yd. Dusters, from 3/3 per doz. Glass Cloths 3/11 per doz. Frilled Linen Pillow Cases from 1/4½ each. Fine Linens & Linen Diaper, 8½d. per yd.

TABLE AND HOUSE LINEN.

N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be Sent to 38W Donegall Place Belfast.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS

are inserted under this heading at the rate of 6d. per line of 7 words or part thereof. Every Advertisement must be prepaid. All communications should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, "Pearson's Weekly," 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Advertisements must be received by Tuesday morning for the following week's issue.

OLD ARTIFICIAL TEETH BOUGHT: call or forward by post; full value per return, or offer made.—Messrs. Browning, Manufacturing Dentists, 63 Oxford St., Opp. Rathbone Place, London (Estab. 100 years.)

PHOTO POST-CARDS of yourself, 1/- dozen. Catalogue and Samples Free.—Hackett, July Road, Liverpool, E.

BLANCHARD'S PILLS of Apiol and Steel supersede pilcochia, bitter apple, pennyroyal, etc.; and thousands of grateful letters have been received testifying to their efficacy. Recommended by eminent physicians. 1/1½ per box, post free, from Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

PRETTY POTTERY DIRECT FROM POTTERIES.—Single sets at Wholesale Prices. Tea Sets from 3/3, Dinner Sets from 9/3. Famous Guinea Packers, 4 splendid sets, all decorated to match, 21/- complete.
Handsome services for presents. Art Catalogue free, everything factory prices. Testimonials and press recommendations earned by years of satisfactory direct trading.—Century Pottery Co., Dept. E (The Leading Pottery Mail Order Firm) Burslem, Staffs.

ASTROLOGY.—Reliable horoscope of character, marriage, and business.—Send birth date, 1/-, and stamped envelope to Mdme. Estella, Cleadon, Sunderland. Your future given with above horoscope.

EXTRA POCKET MONEY.
We give most money for Gold Jewellery, Watches, Rings, Trinkets, Silver, Diamonds, Pearls, Emeralds, Antiques, and Curios.
WE ALSO BUY OLD FALSE TEETH.
Send them to us, and we will send you cash offer per return of post. If offer not accepted, goods immediately returned.
R. D. & J. B. FRASER, Ltd., Goldsmiths, Desk No. [illegible], PRINCES STREET, IPSWICH.
(Established 75 years ago by late R. D. Fraser.)
References: Capital and Counties Bank.
Telephone: 38, Ipswich.

ENGLISH SUIT LENGTHS, 10/6 to 20/-, or smart suits to measure, 29/6 to 51/-. Splendid value. Latest selection. Patterns free.—Groves & Lindley, Manufacturers, Dept. 5, Huddersfield.

CATARRH CURED.—If you suffer from CATARRH, CATARRHAL DEAFNESS, HAY FEVER, ASTHMA, BRONCHITIS, or any affection of the air passages, [illegible] the head, send 1/6 for our treatment, and if after 14 days' trial you are not satisfied, return it to us, when we will refund the full. Booklet free.—Coruna Medical Co. (Dept. [illegible]), 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.

HAIR DESTROYED.—A lady who has been a life-long sufferer from superfluous hair has recently learned of a means which permanently destroys the roots, and will send particulars free on enclosing stamp to pay postage, to any afflicted.—Address, Helen L. W. Temple, 6 Blenheim St., Oxford St., London, W.

POST-CARDS from photograph, 12 for 2/-.—Francis & Co., 29 Ludgate Hill, E.C.

CONJURING SECRETS.—List 1d.—Dresdin House, North Finchley, London.

STRENGTH: How Lost; How Regained.—Interesting and instructive remarks to young and middle-aged men on "How to Preserve Strength, Create Vitality, and Increase Nerve Stamina." A brief treatise on Nervous Exhaustion, Loss of Strength, Poverty of Nerve Force and Debility in Men.—Sent sealed on receipt of a penny stamp by Charles Gordon, 8 Gordonholme Dispensary, Bradford, Yorks.

PICTURE POST-CARDS.—Splendid selection. Samples and list, 3d.—Stevenson & Co., 43 Park Road, Forest Hill, S.E.

START A BUSINESS for yourself from Anywhere. Two Guineas starts you with stock, goods, and printing. Large profits at once.—Write, Thermo Manufacturing Co. (Dept. O), 11 Finsbury Square, London, E.C.

FREE.—Thirty assorted samples of the famous Rob Roy Pens, 2d., post free.—[illegible], Wells & Co., Birmingham.

CONJURING SECRETS.—Novel, mystifying. Lists, stamp.—Recipe, [illegible] Street, Coventry.

METAL WORK.—Many useful and decorative articles may be made by the amateur worker in Iron, Brass, Zinc, Copper, etc., and the best book he could buy on the subject is "Metal Work," by George Day, F.R.M.S. It contains many beautiful designs and diagrams, and may be had post free for 1/2, from C. Arthur Pearson Ltd. (P.W. Dept.), 17 Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

STAFFORDSHIRE CROCKERY direct.—4 splendid sets, packed free and carriage paid, for 21/-. Catalogue free. Every kind of useful pottery.—Teapot Manfg. Co. (K), Hanley, Staffs.

CHINA, CHINA, CHINA.—Direct from our kilns to your kitchen. Understand, you buy from the manufacturer, therefore other advertisers (calling themselves Pottery Co.'s), who simply factor the goods cannot supply at our prices. The fact that we keep our two factories fully employed proves that we are right in front for value and quality. Testimonials and repeats every day. Articles [illegible] and useful shapes in Toilet, Dinner, Tea [illegible] from 2/- [illegible]. Special line the [illegible] Set, 18/6, with [illegible] useful [illegible] 21/-, altogether 110 pieces. [illegible] years' experience [illegible] great variety of productions [illegible] Royal Crown Pottery [illegible] Staffs.

LADIES' High-class, Second-hand CLOTHING. Catalogue sent.—Madame Dupont, 88 Stoke Newington Road, London, N.

FOREIGN STAMPS FREE.—Two Octagonal Thessaly to collectors sending 1d. postage. Mention gift 345. "A.B.C." priced Catalogue for 1908, 750 pages, nearly 4,000 illustrations, 1/6; now ready.—Bright & Son, 164 Strand, W.C.

MAKE MONEY selling Remnants, Prints, Stuffs, Muslins, etc., by weight; easily learnt; send for guide free.—Cochrane's Warehouse, Victoria Bridge, Salford, Manchester.

LADIES.—GAUTIER'S APIOL AND STEEL PILLS never fail. The numerous testimonials received testify to their merits. Price, 1/1½ and 2/9; extra strong 4/6. Sample two stamps.—Baldwin & Co., Chemists, Electric Parade, Holloway, London. Ladies' guide to health sent free.

MACGREGOR'S REAL SCOTCH WINCEY, the original and best. From 1/- per yard. White or coloured. Soft, dainty, durable, unshrinkable, better than flannel. Patterns post free.—Sole Agents, Greensmith & Downes, Edinburgh.

THE L.E.S. GOLDEN COMPOUND TABLETS are of priceless value to all ladies. They afford relief in every instance—frequently in a few hours. Cheaper and safer, prepared with care, worth their weight in gold, they are far superior to Bitter Apple, Steel, and Pennyroyal, &c., and all similar preparations. Price, post free in plain wrapper, [illegible]. Direct only from the L.E.S. Co. [illegible] Road, London.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Booklet explaining all about BLANCHARD'S PILLS for LADIES, the most effective remedy ever compounded.—Leslie Martyn Ltd., Chemists, 34 Dalston Lane, London.

SLOAN-DUPLOYAN SHORTHAND saves a year's study, and produces highest speeds. Interesting booklet free.—Sloan-Duployan Association, Ramsgate.

LADIES should send two stamps for Booklet containing particulars of our famous Herbal Remedies.—Northern Remedy Co., Chemists, 161 Seven Sisters Road, Holloway, London.

FURS FOR DISPOSAL.—Rare bargain. Elegant 2½ yds. long rich Sable Brown Russian Fur Stole or Throwover, handsomely trimmed with tails, heads, and large Granny Muff to match; accept 10/6, worth £4. Approval willingly.—Lombard, 33 Brixton Road, Stockwell, London.

LADIES should send 1d. stamp for Free Sample of Powell's Popular Pellets for Ladies, the most effective remedy ever discovered.—W. P. Powell Remedy Co., Brighton Road, Wandsworth, London, S.W.

ASTROLOGY.—Life Horoscope of Character, Marriage and Business, Changes, etc., accurately given. Send birth date, 1/- P.O., stamped envelope.—Mme. Vernon, Mount Florida, Glasgow.

SIXPENCE or more per week will purchase Cycles (all makers), also Ladies', Gent's Boots, Clothing, Feather Boas, Furs, Watches, Marble Clocks, Jewellery, Musical Instruments, Cutlery, Linoleum, Furniture, &c. Special offer, 200 New £12 Clincher Tyred Cycles, 70/-, others 55/-. Send no deposit, lists free.—Potter's Warehouse, 45 Dereham Road, Norwich.

BUSINESS MEN not satisfied with 1907 results should consult Curtis, Gardner and Co., Ltd., Business Building Department, for advertising, publishing, preparing and writing up attractive business literature, translations, designing illustration, business-getting schemes, manufacturing costs, departmental, mail order, card index, reference and other business systems overhauled, formulated and installed. Booklets free.—54 Kings House, King Street, Cheapside, London.

Straightforward methods only rule our Competitions. Each entry received is carefully scrutinised, and rewarded for merit only.

Prizes are not awarded in a haphazard manner. Lines are read not once only, but many times, before judgment is pronounced.

OUR RECORD IS UNEQUALLED BY ANY OTHER PAPER.

£61,552

HAS BEEN DIVIDED BY

17,223

COMPETITORS.

THIS WEEK'S WINNING LINES GET £64 8s. EACH.

THIS WEEK £644 CONSOLATION GIFTS AWARDED.

No prizes are awarded through favouritism. The judges study the lines only, and pay no attention to the names and addresses of competitors.

We reward more competitors each week than any other paper. This should encourage you to enter our new contest below.

RESULT OF COMPETITION NO. 32.

THIS week's entries show a good increase over last week's. We have now distributed **£61,552** in prizes since these contests began, while the number of awards has risen to **17,223**. The sum available for distribution this week is **£1,288**. Of this total **£644** is divided amongst the competitors whose attempts are considered to be the best and most original by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor. This works out at **£64 8s.** for each of the ten winning lines. Amongst those whose lines show merit, but who have not succeeded in winning a big prize, **£644** is distributed in consolation gifts.

The unfinished limerick was as follows:

Said a young man: I've broken, I fear,
All my good resolutions each year,
But I promise and vow
On my life that from now

The last lines selected by Mr. G. B. Burgin and the Editor, together with the names and addresses of the senders, are as follows:

If "old habits" aren't "cast off" it's queer.

MRS. SYSON, 1 Broompark Terrace, Dennistoun, Glasgow.

—Then George Washington's ghost dropped a tear.

W. F. CROWTHER, "Highlandville," Chilwell, Notts.

I'll not wed—it's "the Union" I fear.

MISS K. I. MCCONNELL, 9 Radnor Place, Regent Street, Plymouth.

I will cease my miss-guided career.

Prize divided by:

B. MORSE, Norman Court, New Barnet,
MISS R. WHISTON, 39 Warstone Lane, Birmingham, and
G. H. WORRALL, Newport Road, Eccleshall, Staffs.

Less "spend" and more "thrift" shall appear.

F. B. ENDALL, Solihull, Birmingham.

I will drink like a fish—water clear.

Prize divided by:

W. RUSHFORTH, Horbury, Yorks,
H. B. GAY, Kensington Park, Brislington, Bristol,
MISS R. BECK, 65 Kynaston Road, Thornton Heath, and
MISS M. E. BEDDALL, 36 Ashmore Street, W. Gorton, Manchester.

When extravagance calls I'll be near.

M. M. WALLACE, 23 Wolverton Gardens, Brook Green, W.

—He's still "going" like some auctioneer.

J. S. SHEPTON, 16 Windsor Terrace, Penarth, Cardiff.

—"They all do," said the warder, "in here."

MRS. C. MCELVENNY, 27 Nottingham Street, Canton, Cardiff.

To want little, but that little dear.

N. DAY, 11 Lombard Street, E.C.

Old England is watching with pride the deeds of her cricketing side.

THIS WEEK'S CONTEST

Below you will find the first four lines of this week's limerick. We leave you to fill in the last line to the best of your ability. When you have done this, fill in your name and address in the space provided, cut out the entry form, attach to it a **postal order for sixpence**, and place it in an envelope addressed to the EDITOR, *Pearson's Weekly*, Henrietta Street, London, W.C. Mark your envelope "Test" in the top left-hand corner. All attempts must arrive on or before Thursday, January 23rd.

Everyone who enters must compete on the form below, and send a postal order for 6d. with it. The P.O. should be made payable to C. Arthur Pearson Ltd., and should be crossed "& Co.," and the number should be written in the space provided below. Where one P.O. of higher value is sent to cover more than one attempt the number of this P.O. should be written on each entry form. All attempts must be forwarded on the printed entry forms or they will be disqualified.

Of the amount received (after deducting ten per cent.) one-half will be divided amongst the senders of the ten lines which are considered to be the best by the adjudicators, by whom originality of idea will be taken into consideration. If there are more senders than one of a line thus selected by the adjudicators, the prize awarded to such a line will be divided equally amongst all competitors who send in that line.

Claims in respect of identical lines in Competition No. 35 must be made on or before Tuesday, February 11th.

The remaining one-half will be awarded in consolation gifts amongst those competitors whose efforts show merit.

The ten winning attempts will be selected by

Mr. G. B. BURGIN and the EDITOR of "P.W.,"

who will be assisted by a committee of competent judges.

The Editor will accept no responsibility in regard to the loss or non-delivery of any attempt submitted.

No correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition, and telegrams will be ignored.

ENTRY FORM **LIMERICK No. 35.**

Old England is watching with pride
The deeds of her cricketing side;
They are far o'er the sea,
But you're bound to agree

_____

_____

I agree to abide by the decision published in "Pearson's Weekly" and to accept it as final, and I enter only on this understanding, and I agree to abide by the conditions printed above.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

No. of P.O. .....

LIST OF 588 RECIPIENTS OF CONSOLATION GIFTS.

To publish the full name and address of each competitor would occupy too much space. We therefore print only the name and initials of each person, together with the name of the town. Should any reader wish to know the full address of any one recipient, it will be sent on receipt of a half-penny stamp.

14 AT £5 EACH.

BLAKE, A. J., Crescent Villa, Upper Parkstone, Dorset.
CLOUGH, J., St. Hilda's, Whitby Ave., Stockton Lane, York.
DERRICK, A. E., Fern Hurst, Gloster Rd., Cheltenham.
DODDS, J., 41 Shields Rd., Newcastle-on-Tyne.
DALE, T. J., 1 Horseguards Ave., Whitehall, S.W.
EYRE, H., 42 Louisa St., Cardiff.
FRASER, G. H., 128 Shirland Rd., Paddington.
FRASER, J. H., 15 Thirlestane Rd., Edinburgh.
JOHNSON, D., c.o., Frew, School Lane, Bluntyre, N.B.
LAMONT, G. R., 6 Polwarth Gardens, Edinburgh.
MANLEY, Capt. Rowbarton, Taunton, Somerset.
SMITH, J. W., 134 Bridgnorth Rd., Stourbridge.
STILLWELL, A., 51 Alverstone Ave., Wimbledon Park.
STEWART, D. N., Delves, Lanark, N.B.

574 AT £1 EACH.

A

Abbott, T., Armathwaite, Carlisle
Adshead, J., Heaton Moor, M'ter.
Ales, C. A., New Malden, Surrey.
Aldis, G. E., Admiralty, S.W.
Aldridge, Miss M., Reading.
Alexander, F. E., Chiswick.
Allan, Mrs., Cowaddens St., Gl'w
Allan, Miss J., Thornhill, N.B.
Allen, E. A., Erdington, B'ham.
Alsbury, J. W., Bridgwater, Som.
Anderson, F., Argyle St., G'w.
Anderson, Mrs. J., Sunderland.
Anderton, H., Paddington, W.
Andrews, E. C., Nuneaton.
Armitage, W., Bradford.
Armstrong, J., Newcastle.
Ashford, C. J., Winchester, Hants.
Atkinson, W., Ferryhill, co. Down.
Attlee, B. W., Romsey, Hamps.
Archenoless, Miss M. C., Paisley.
Austen, H. J., Brighton.
Austin, L., W. Norwood.

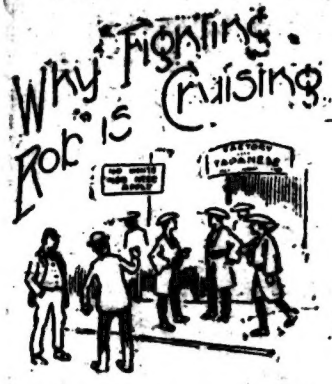
B

Bagshaw, H., Handsworth, B'ham
Bailey, A. A., Walworth.
Bailey, A. J., Teddington, Middx.
Baird, E., Leith, N.B.
Baird, Miss T., Belfast.
Baker, C. C., Bow, E.
Balmer, Miss M., Redcar, Yks.
Ball, W. P., N. Bow, E.
Barden, J., Tunbridge Wells.
Barrett, C., Aston, B'ham.
Barrow, A., Kensington, L'pool.
Barrowman, Mrs., Partick, Gl'w.
Barstow, H. H., Buxton
Baverstock, G., Kingston, Surrey.
Beals, A., M'bro-on-Tees.
Bees, Mrs. L., Horfield, Bristol.
Benson, J., Hackney, N.E.
Bentley, E., Coventry.
Bertram, Miss King's H'th, B'h'm
Bertram, C., Darlington.
Betton, E., Bromwich, nr. B'h'm.
Bettill H., New Brighton.
Bishop, F., New Malden, Surrey.
Blackburn, H., Leigh, Lancs.
Base, R. F., Belfast.
Blake, W. J., Sheerness, Kent.
Blakeman, A. J., Bowden, Ches.
Bonar, R. S., Ibrox, G'a'gow.
Booth, J., Norfolk St., W.
Boothroyd, Mrs., Huddersfield.
Bottomley, S., Jun., Oxford.
Bowyer, B. A., Sedgley, Dudley.
Bowyer, Mrs., Wimbledon Pk., S.W
Boyton, H., Acton Vale, W.
Bracey, Dr. W., Weston-s-Mare.
Bragg, Miss, Fratton, Portsmouth
Bransby, M., Walthamstow, N.E.
Bratt, W. G., Wolverhampton.
Bridgm, Mrs., Ponders End, M'x.
Brent, F. T., Florence, Italy.
Brett, J. W., Pudsey, nr. Leeds.
Brett, Miss L., Dover, Kent.
Brooks, W., Clapham Junction.
Broughton, E., Battersea Park.
Brown, Mrs. A., Newland, Hull
Brown, G., Burlington Arcade, W
Brown, H. G., Norbury, Croydon
Browning, A. J., Finsbury Pk., N
Browning, F. G., Scarborough.
Bruce, H., Stechford, B'ham.
Bruton, E., Munster Sq., N.W.
Bull, C., Finsbury Pk., N.
Burch, Miss C., Bexhill-on-Sea.
Burchby, K., Stoke, Devonport.
Burmiston, B., S. Hampstead.
Burt, W. J., Carstorphine, Edin.
Butcher, E., Lombard St., E.C.
Butler, R. H., Belfast, Ire.

C

Cameron, D., Motherwell.
Cannon, T., G.P.O., Dublin.
Cant, E., Sutton Coldfield.
Cantley, W., Dublin.
Campbell, J., Glasgow.
Carleton, Miss E. M., B'fast.
Carsells, Mrs., Hamilton W., N.B.
Chadwick, Miss V., Green Lanes, N.
Chaloner, W., Thornaby-on-Tees.
Chalmers, D., Dumbrick, Gl'w.
Chandler, J., Brixton Hill.
Chatfield, A., Fulham, S.W.
Clench, Miss L., Hull.
Clarke, Miss L., Leicester.
Clowes, F., W. Auckland, D'h'm.
Churchbuck, Mrs. V., Norwich.
Cochrane, Mrs., Falkland, Fife.
Collins, J. F., Chichester.
Collip, H. W., Kilburn, N.W.
Connett, A. J., Exeter, Devon.
Cook, H. A., Wormley, Herts.
Cook, J., Boston, Lincs.
Cooke, J., Cardiff.
Cooper, E., Market Drayton, Salop
Cope, Mrs., Cannon Hill, B'ham.

(Continued on page 3 of cover.)



The Severe Problem of the Oriental Immigrant.

THE United States and Canada are faced with a problem which may have the most momentous results, and which may lead to a conflict between the white and the yellow races. At the present time by far the largest fleet ever seen in the American waters is making a voyage of 14,000 miles, on what is termed a trial cruise.

It is an open secret, however, that the fleet is making its way to the Pacific side of the States, owing to the alarming proportions to which the Japanese question is giving rise. There is a great outcry in the United States and Canada against Japanese immigration. Wherever the Japanese get a footing they stick like leeches, waxing rich upon wages which would mean actual starvation to white men.

A generation ago there were only 100 Japanese in the whole of the United States; to-day they are present in such numbers that they are ousting the white men on the whole of the Pacific seaboard, and they are regarded there in much the same manner as the Jews were regarded in Christendom during the Middle Ages.

Another disturbing feature is the rapid multiplication of the yellow man on white man's ground under healthier conditions than prevail in his own country. Despite the veneer of civilisation, little value is attached to human life in Japan. Human suffering is very little regarded amongst Oriental races. The men in Japan rarely earn above a shilling a day, while in China the wages are lower. In Chinese cotton mills the girls earn from 3d. to 6d. a day of twelve and a half hours.

WORKING HARD FOR 3d. PER DAY.

California the yellow man has established quite [illegible]tion of his own. The labourer earns from 2s. 6d. [illegible] a day compared to the 3d. to 6d. he earned in [illegible]wn country, besides possessing innumerable advan[illegible], to which hitherto he had been a complete [illegible]nger.

[illegible]ome time ago the United States endeavoured to lessen the evils of yellow immigration by charging a duty of £10 upon the outcasts. In addition, special quarters were provided, and the yellow man was not allowed to become a citizen, or to have any say in the government in any way, not even in the town government.

Despite this, however, the yellow population has increased with rapidity, the Oriental immigrants being smuggled into the country.

At the present time it is the Japanese who are the most detested of the yellow races. The Chinese coolie pays his attention to laundry-work, but the Japanese makes for every branch of money-making, from orange growing to gold mining.

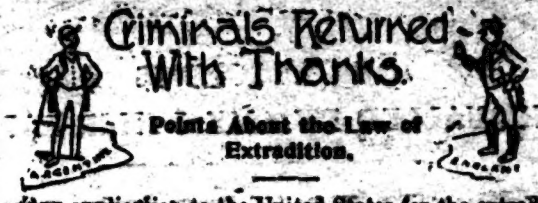
Then, of course, there are the negroes, some nine millions of whom are to be found in the Southern States of America. These men are descendants of African aborigines, but although the black question has often assumed alarming proportions, it has never grown so serious as the yellow, as the negroes have been content to be hewers of wood and drawers of water. While hand-to-hand conflicts between whites and blacks are of almost daily occurrence, there is no question of a great war.

GOLD MINES OWNED BY CHINAMEN.

In a similar manner the Chinaman is detested in our Australian colonies. Westralia at one time was threatened to be swamped by the yellow man until very stringent laws were placed in action to prevent him coming into the country. Many great gold mines, which are never heard of in this country, are worked and owned entirely by Chinamen, who take good care that the real profits of the concerns are kept to themselves.

Our Straits Settlements are an example of the manner in which the Chinese will over-run a country under white government when they are unfettered. Now, there are actually far more Chinese than natives, and all the most remunerative positions are in their hands. In fact, it is the exception to find a wealthy person who is not a Chinaman, and in Singapore two-thirds of the population are Chinese, and all the chief merchants are of that race.

The Hindus in our South African colonies have aroused the ill-feeling of the ruling race, in much the same way as the Japanese in America, but the problem is aggravated by the fact that they are as much members of the Empire as the white men. The Transvaal Government has passed an Act with the intention of putting an end to the severe competition of the Indian immigrants.



Points About the Law of Extradition.

THE application to the United States for the extradition of Robert Caldwell, who figured so prominently in connection with the Druce case, raises the question as to the class of offences for which a person can be extradited. The question has come much to the front of late.

It will be remembered that, in the case of Guerin, who escaped from the Devil's Island, extradition proceedings against him failed, on the ground that he was a British subject. Once he had been tried and condemned he could not be extradited even if he broke prison the next day and took refuge on British soil.

In Caldwell's case, had the offence with which he is charged been committed thirty-five years ago, he would have been safe from extradition proceedings. It was not till 1873 that the crime of "perjury and subornation of perjury" was added to the list of extraditable offences in the existing treaty with the United States.

Previous to 1870, Great Britain had only two Extradition Treaties; one with France, the other with the United States. In the case of all other countries it rested solely with the various Governments as to whether they chose to give a man up. Generally, if he had money to spend, they chose to keep him. More especially was this the case with some of the smaller South American republics, where many fugitives from justice found a safe retreat.

At the present day Great Britain has extradition treaties with practically all the civilised nations. In these treaties the crimes for which a person can be extradited are clearly laid down. Political offences, it may be noted, are not included.

It is only within the last few years that a famous Irishman escaped from the prison where he was undergoing a long term of penal servitude. He made his way to America. A year or so later he had the hardihood to return and visit the scene of his crime in disguise.

On returning to America he was traced through the movements of his wife, and arrested at the request of the British Government. But the extradition proceedings against him failed. It was held that the crime for which he had been condemned, an Agrarian outrage, came under the heading of "Political Offences."

It is interesting to note that, according to extradition law, a criminal cannot be tried for any other offence save that for which he has been extradited. Thus, if a person has been extradited for forgery, and it were afterwards found he had also committed a murder before fleeing the country, he could not be tried for murder.

A criminal who has been convicted in Great Britain cannot be extradited until he has served his term and is discharged. Further, when application is made for extradition, the case must be heard within fifteen days, and it is for the magistrate to decide whether the offence is an extraditable one or not. If the prisoner is not removed within two months he must be discharged.

It is only within quite recent years that Great Britain has established an extradition treaty with the Argentine Republic. Previous to that, the Argentine offered a safe retreat to criminal fugitives, especially those with money.

Once, however, the criminal could be lured on board a British vessel he laid himself open to instant arrest. To all intents and purposes he was then on British soil, and could claim no privileges from his adopted country.

A good story is told in this connection. A fraudulent bankrupt escaped to the Argentine, taking a considerable amount of plunder with him.

A well-known detective was sent after him. In order to avoid arousing suspicion, the detective changed his name, and assumed the *rôle* of a retired major in the British Army.

In this capacity he presented himself to the fugitive, with whom he soon got on friendly terms. On pretence of obtaining his advice with regard to the purchase of land, he induced his new friend to accompany him to the capital, in the harbour of which a British warship happened to be lying.

The detective entertained his "friend" at the best hotel, and fondly hoped that he had avoided arousing the least suspicion as to his real character. Only one step remained, namely, to induce him on board the British vessel.

The officers were about to give a dance, and on revealing his identity to the captain, the detective easily obtained an invitation for himself and friend.

They put off together in a shore boat. On reaching the ship the detective, scarcely able to conceal his exultation, requested his companion to step on board.

The reply was as astounding as it was disconcerting. "Well, no, Mr. ——," replied the fugitive, addressing the detective by his real name. "I'll just sit here and listen to the music, while you go up and dance!"

Strange Facts About Our Bitterest Winters.

EVER since historical records have been kept in England, and probably for many ages before that, England has, from time to time, been gripped in the iron hands of some extraordinarily severe winters.

Curiously enough, many of these severest spells of cold weather have followed summers that have been remarkable for their coldand wet weather. So that if the remaining weeks of the present winter have any severe frosts in store for us, it will only be another instance of this meteorological fact. Last summer, as all will remember, was a very cold and miserable one indeed.

Two years after William the Conqueror had taken possession of England, that is, in 1068, the country was visited by a very sharp and prolonged spell of cold weather. In those days there was practically no organisation for the distribution of food. Supplies in the isolated districts ran short, and the people were reduced to the condition of a besieged garrison.

They were compelled to eat up all the dogs they could capture, and finally resorted to the awful and horrible crime of cannibalism, actually eating each other in the madness of starvation. Those who could do so, willingly sold themselves as slaves, for the sake of the morsels of food they might thereby obtain from their owners.

Nearly a hundred years later—in 1150—another frost, lasting for the almost unprecedented time of four months, settled down upon the land. There was intense suffering among all classes, but the most memorable feature of the frost was the fact that during the whole of this period the river Thames was used as a road by foot passengers, and also by horses and carts. In the days of good Queen Bess—the year 1584, to be accurate—the Thames was again frozen over with ice many inches thick.

INK FROZE ON THE PEN.

The winter of 1683-4 still holds its place as one of the most severe and remarkable on record. So tremendous was the cold that trees split asunder with deafening reports. The strangest sight of all was on the Thames. Here, on more than a foot thickness of ice, a thorough-going town of streets was erected. There were tailors' shops, butchers' shops, tobacconists, printers, and, indeed, many other businesses, all being carried on, as if they had stood there for years.

Writing anywhere but near a large fire was impossible, as the ink froze in pot and on the pen, whole barrels of liquids were frozen solid, and wine was sold in one-pound blocks. New bread, on being taken out of the oven, would immediately stiffen and become solid. There were hundreds of deaths from the cold, and throughout the frost the poor suffered miserably.

There were nine weeks of continuous frost in 1739, and coal ran up in price to £3 10s. a chaldron. Considering the greater purchasing power of money in those days, and the fact that a chaldron was less than our ton, coal was a great luxury, even for those who were extremely rich.

MANY TRAINS COMPLETELY BURIED.

The river Tyne froze to a thickness of twenty inches in 1795, and so scarce was flour, that many societies and public bodies passed resolutions declaring that they would eat no pies or puddings until the frost gave way and flour was more plentiful.

One of the greatest snowfalls on record occurred in 1795, when it fell for fifty-one days. Many of the drifts were 100 feet deep. There was a twenty-foot fall of snow in Scotland in 1820.

The year 1880 was a very bad snow year. Most of the railway systems were blocked with huge drifts, and miles and miles of line were damaged, many trains being completely buried.

Among other curious facts connected with our severest frosts, the following are exceedingly interesting: In 1860 the cold in London was so severe that the horses' breath condensed and froze on their faces, and they ran about with long icicles hanging down. In the same year there was snow in July.

A four-horsed van was driven across the widest part of the Serpentine, Hyde Park, in 1826, and again in 1861. In 1855 there were 20,000 more deaths than usual on account of the severe cold. There were huge fires and great feasts on the ice of Derwentwater.

For low temperatures the year 1860 would be hard to beat, for at Liverpool the thermometer went down to 16 degrees below zero—or 48 degrees of frost. The Christmas Eve of that year was the coldest in fifty years. Many people sat for twenty-four hours in snowed-up trains in 1881, and in 1884 Portsmouth Harbour froze, Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, being shrouded in ice.

Everything comes to him who waits, and if you wait a week you'll find an interesting footline on this page.

"BLURRED LIGHTS"—NO. XIII.

PRITCHARD the POISONER.

By DICK DONOVAN.

MURDER is at all times a horrible and dastardly crime, whether committed deliberately or in the heat of passion, and he who destroys the life of a fellow-being is deserving of no sympathy, though in this maudlin age sympathy is more often than not shown for the murderer instead of for the victim.

The secret poisoner, however, stands apart from all other classes of murderers. The crime of poisoning is so treacherous, so cruel, so cowardly, that the person who is charged with the destruction of human life by the secret administration of some deadly drug evokes such a feeling of disgust and loathing, that in only rare instances can a person convicted of the crime hope to escape the dread punishment of death.

In all cases of premeditated and deliberate murder death is the fitting penalty; but for the poisoner who inflicts torture upon his victim in order to bring about his end by apparently natural means, it would almost be justifiable that he should be compelled to suffer the same torture, instead of the swift and painless death which, under the law of civilised countries, is now his doom.

WELL VERSED IN THE EFFECTS OF POISONS.

Pritchard, who, like Palmer, was a medical man, and well versed in the effects of noxious drugs on the human system, slew his victims without pity, apparently without remorse.

He was a murderer of a peculiarly cold-blooded type, and presents us with a study in depravity which is singularly interesting to the psychologist.

As in the case of Palmer and the murderer of Mr. Bravo, antimony was the poison Pritchard selected, thinking, no doubt, that, if skilfully used, it was less likely to arouse suspicion than any other of the many toxic drugs known to the medical profession.

The art of the secret poisoner is to set up symptoms that will seem identical with those of natural disease. For this purpose a knowledge of the action of poisons is necessary, a medical man possesses the knowledge to a greater or lesser extent, and when he uses it for the purpose of destroying a fellow-being he proves himself to be a monster of iniquity.

That thousands of persons have been murdered by poison without the fact being known, is certain; for down to a period so recent as the beginning of last century, it was the custom to decide questions of poisoning from the symptoms only, and necessarily it was assumed that the symptoms of all poisons were known.

This ignorance was entirely in favour of crime, and the secret poisoner flourished. Since then, however, science has made wonderful strides, and post-mortem examinations, to say nothing of the exquisite tests of the expert analyst, now give the poisoner but small chance of escaping when once suspicion has been aroused against him. Medico-legal investigations, skilfully conducted, are capable of affording such infallible evidence that crime can hardly go undetected. The tests of modern science are capable of revealing the presence of antimony in the body of a victim years after the body has been buried, if any portion of the organs remains.

As stated in the article dealing with the Bravo case, antimony, that is, tartar emetic, sets up all the symptoms of intestinal inflammation, and causes intense agony, with violent vomiting and general collapse. These symptoms are allied to those of certain diseases; but where such symptoms are excited by the administration of food or medicine, suspicion is apt to be aroused, and that is where the poisoner runs such risk unless he proceeds with great caution and skill.

HIS MAID-SERVANT BURNT TO DEATH.

Dr. Pritchard, or, to give him his full name, Edward William Pritchard, was a man of high scholastic attainments, and settled in Glasgow about 1859. He was an attractive-looking man, with an intellectual face, the expression of which was somewhat marred by rather small, shifty, restless eyes.

As he had a suave manner, and was considered clever, he got together a good practice. He was married, and apparently lived on good terms with his wife, but there is no doubt he was an immoral man, and dissipated his money as fast as he got it. In 1863 he was living in an imposing house, which he had heavily insured. It was situated in Berkley Terrace, Glasgow. Towards the end of that year his wife went on a visit to some friends, and Pritchard's household then consisted of an old woman, who did the cooking, and a rather pretty young woman named M'Girn, who acted as general servant, and to whom, there is reason to suppose, the doctor had been making love.

It was known for certain that at that period he was in financial straits, as he was indebted to local tradesmen, who could not obtain payment. One night, when the cook had gone out, and the servant had retired to bed, her bedroom being at the top of the house, the premises were found to be on fire. The fire seemed to break out in two or three places at one time at the top of the house, and so rapid was its progress that the unfortunate maid-servant was burnt to death.

UGLY RUMOURS GET ABOUT.

At first the neighbours sympathised with the doctor in his misfortunes; but when the insurance people made investigations, with a view to settling the claim, which he promptly preferred, they became so suspicious that they refused to settle. There was a revulsion of feeling on the part of the neighbours, and some very ugly rumours got afloat. It was hinted that not only had Pritchard set fire to his house, but having strong reasons for wishing to get rid of the maid, he had locked her in her room, so that the wretched girl could not possibly escape.

It is a fact that the half-charred door of her bedroom was found locked, but the key could not be discovered. Had the door been locked from the inside, the key would surely have been in the lock. These suspicions, however, did not lead to any legal action being taken, as there was not an atom of proof obtainable that would have justified a prosecution. But Pritchard's practice fell off considerably, and his reputation suffered.

He tried to rehabilitate himself by expressing strong indignation at what he called "Disgraceful slanders," and threatening actions against anyone who dared to "asperse his good name." He brought hypocrisy to such a state of perfection that he was able to practise deceit with a sanctimoniousness that deceived most people. And again there was a revulsion of feeling, this time in his favour; it was thought that he had been wrongly suspected, and was rather an ill-used man.

He had two children, to whom his mother-in-law was greatly attached. She resided in Edinburgh, and the children spent a good deal of time with her. Whenever they were away, their father used to write them long letters, full of the most tender solicitude for their welfare, with frequent references to the Deity, and copious Scriptural quotations. He professed to have a great love for children; while his plausibility, his good looks, and his suave manner made him a favourite with the fair sex.

He had married his wife in the year 1850. She was not of a very robust constitution, and though she did not actually break down, she had to go away pretty frequently for the sake of her health.

At the time of her marriage she was quite young and very pretty. Her people had just sufficient to live on; they were not, in the common acceptation of the phrase, "well-off." The wife was a Miss Taylor, and though delicate, she seems to have had a good many suitors; but her choice fell upon Pritchard.

HIS WIFE TAKEN SERIOUSLY ILL.

After the disastrous fire, when the unfortunate maid-servant was burnt to death, Dr. Pritchard went to live in Sauchiehall Street, Glasgow, and there he made great efforts to recover his lost practice, but it is doubtful if these efforts were crowned with any great success. In 1864, that is, a year after the fire, Pritchard and his wife were living together in the Sauchiehall Street house. There were two servants kept, a cook named Catherine Lattimer and a housemaid, one Mary McLeod, who was on too familiar terms with her master. In addition to the family of two children, a girl and boy, Pritchard had managed to obtain two medical students as lodgers. This latter fact is pretty good evidence that his financial position was not sound.

In October of 1864 Mrs. Pritchard, who had been away at the latter part of the summer, was taken seriously ill. The most marked symptom at that stage was violent sickness, and this vomiting so exhausted her that she was confined to her bed. The illness lasted through November, but about the end of that month she began to improve, and in the course of the first week in December she went to Edinburgh to spend a few days with her parents.

She remained in Edinburgh until a day or two before Christmas, when she returned to her husband. She was then apparently well. The pallor, which had been so marked, had given place to a healthy colour; the sickness had left her, and she was hopeful and bright. She expressed a wish that her husband could settle in Edinburgh, as the air of that place suited her so much better than Glasgow.

Within a fortnight of returning home she was again seized with illness of the same kind. There were death-like pallor of the face, constant vomitings, prostration, and cold, clammy skin. On the first day of February of the New Year she vomited nearly the whole day, and in the evening screamed with cramp and internal pains.

During the attacks of illness her husband prescribed for her, and announced to everyone that his "darling wife" was suffering from gastric fever. A medical brother of hers, a Dr. Taylor, settled in England, came to see her, and was told that the case was one of gastric fever, with which diagnosis he seems to have agreed, and suggested that iced champagne might be tried with advantage. For a day or two the poor lady appeared to be improving, but then all the symptoms returned with increased violence, and, by her own request, a Dr. Gairdner was called in.

He was very much puzzled, for he could detect no fever, and, as a brother professional, he told Pritchard that he thought it was a peculiar case; for, while there was unmistakably gastric trouble, there was certainly no fever, and he did not think it was gastric fever. Pritchard was glad to get rid of this gentleman, as he seemed to know too much, and when the doomed Mrs. Pritchard expressed a desire that her mother should be sent for to nurse her, the devoted husband, who had been assiduous in his attentions night and day, gladly consented to that, and a telegram was dispatched to Mrs. Taylor, in Edinburgh.

POISONS THE TAPIOCA.

With great promptness the old lady—she was seventy-one years of age—arrived at the Sauchiehall Street house. She was in perfect health, had enjoyed good health for many years, with the exception of periodical attacks of severe headache; but she always carried a remedy in her pocket, and from it she derived relief. It was called Battley's Solution, and at that time was much in vogue. She had a bottle of this preparation with her when she arrived at Sauchiehall Street, and it was to be an incident in the subsequent tragedy.

It is a somewhat remarkable fact that Mrs. Taylor was greatly attached to her son-in-law; she considered him a model husband and a good man. His professions of piety and his apparent devotion to his wife impressed the old lady deeply, and there is little doubt that, had she been a wealthy woman, he would have lived in clover. As it was, she rendered him considerable assistance out of her small means, which consisted of the interest derived from between £6,000 and £7,000.

The poor mother found her daughter in an exceedingly bad way, but cheered her up by saying she would nurse her into good health again, and, as soon as she was able to stand the journey, would take her to Edinburgh. For a few days the invalid improved, and there were indications that she would recover. Then a sinister incident happened. The sick daughter had a fancy for some tapioca, and Pritchard's little boy was instructed to go to a local grocer's shop and purchase half a pound.

The little fellow duly executed his commission. He brought the tapioca in a paper bag, which he placed on a table that stood in the passage by the umbrella stand.

It remained there for some time, until the invalid asked again for her tapioca, whereupon the cook was instructed to prepare it at once. That was done, and a basin of it was taken to the sickroom by Mary McLeod.

Mrs. Pritchard ate about half the quantity sent up, and said she had enjoyed it very much. The remainder was eaten by Mrs. Taylor, who very soon afterwards became sick and vomited freely. Mrs. Pritchard was also very ill, but she had eaten less of the tapioca than her mother had. It is singular that this incident aroused no suspicion in the mind of either the mother or daughter.

Some days later Mrs. Taylor partook of tea with her son-in-law and the children. She sat for a short time after the meal, and then went upstairs to see her daughter, and in a few minutes was seized with illness, and rang the bell violently. The cook ran up to see what was the matter, for the violent ringing of the bell indicated that something was wrong. She found the old lady in agony; she was seated on a chair, and looked as though she was dying.

THE FRESH DOCTOR GETS SUSPICIOUS.

She gasped out that she wanted hot water. The sick daughter was terrified. She was sitting up wringing her hands, and she implored the cook to fetch the doctor. The cook ran downstairs again, procured the hot water, and informed Pritchard, who at once went to the sickroom. One of the medical students who lodged in the house had also hurried to the room on hearing the commotion, and by request of Pritchard this young fellow rushed out to procure the services of a Dr. Paterson, who lived a short distance off.

Fortunately, Paterson happened to be at home, and the urgent message delivered to him by the student induced him to hurry to Pritchard's house, although he wasn't on very good terms with him, and had never entered the house before.

On hearing Paterson's voice below, Pritchard went downstairs, and took him into his parlour, where he told him a cock-and-bull story to the effect that Mrs. Taylor and his wife had had some stout for their supper, and it had made them sick, and he added:

Don't Care ended badly, but this page will end in a clinking good footline next week.

"Of course, you are aware that my dear wife has been ill for some time with gastric fever." This story was an absolute falsehood, and subsequently formed a link in the chain of evidence that was to bring the crime of murder home to him. Paterson, however, was not quite such a fool as his brother-medico considered him to be, and when he went upstairs and entered the chamber of sorrow, where the two unhappy women, victims of Pritchard's fiendish cruelty, were, he quickly formed an opinion that it wasn't a question of stout for supper, but that Mrs. Taylor, if not the other one, was suffering from the effects of some noxious drug, and unhesitatingly he told Pritchard so.

THE FIRST VICTIM SUCCUMBS.

"Ah, then," exclaimed Pritchard, "I know what it is; she takes Battley's Solution, and has been dosing herself with it." Paterson made no comment on that, but proceeded to subject Mrs. Taylor, who was in a comatose state, to a thorough examination, and while this was proceeding Pritchard patted his mother-in-law's back, and said, "Cheer up, old girl, you will be better soon."

"You may take it from me," said Paterson in a low tone; "she'll never be better in this world. She's poisoned."

It would be interesting to learn what was the expression of Pritchard's face at this announcement; but it can never be known, for Paterson was looking hard at Mrs. Pritchard, who was suffering terribly and in mortal fear about her mother, and he at once came to the conclusion that she, too, had been poisoned, and the poison used in each case was tartar emetic. He did not, however, tell Pritchard this, and there isn't a doubt that Pritchard was under the impression his brother doctor would never be able to determine the cause of the illness from which both the women suffered.

Paterson suggested certain things in Mrs. Taylor's case as a last resource, but he was at no pains to conceal his opinion that the old lady was doomed. Pritchard promised that the suggested remedies should be immediately tried, and the two men went downstairs, and, as Paterson put on his hat and coat in the passage, he again expressed his opinion that Mrs. Taylor was the victim of a narcotic poison, whereupon Pritchard laboured the Battley's Solution theory, saying that he knew his mother-in-law took large quantities of it, and had brought a bottle with her from Edinburgh.

That did not satisfy Paterson. It was never made clear whether or not he knew anything of the drug of which the solution was formed, but he did know that no medicine, patent or otherwise, sold to the general public, could be composed of such active poison or poisons as to produce effects such as were observable in Mrs. Taylor's case. The vendor of such a dangerous nostrum would render himself liable to a criminal prosecution. But, whatever his thoughts were, he kept them to himself, which was a matter for wonder when all the facts of the astounding crime came to be made public.

When he left Pritchard's house it was about half-past eleven, and at one o'clock his night-bell was pulled, and a messenger urgently requested him to go to Pritchard's house at once, as Mrs. Taylor was worse. Paterson's reply was that he couldn't do any good, but if Pritchard really wanted him he was to send again. The messenger returned with that message, but Paterson was not troubled further, and at two o'clock poor Mrs. Taylor was dead.

The servants were at once called upstairs to lay out the body, and in taking the clothes off the dead woman, they found in the pocket of her dress an empty Battley's Solution bottle. Pritchard was present at the time, and, holding the bottle up and looking very much alarmed, he exclaimed, "Good God; why, she's drunk a whole bottleful." Mary McLeod was in the room, and he cautioned her not to talk about the matter, as it would reflect upon him as a medical man if it became known that he had allowed his mother-in-law to have such stuff in his house.

As may be supposed, Mrs. Pritchard was terribly shocked by the mysterious death of her mother. She was overwhelmed with grief, and wept bitterly. She had suffered torture, which had almost driven her mad, and now, with a devilish refinement of cruelty, her husband had brought this awful sorrow upon her.

DR. PATERSON REFUSES TO CERTIFY.

Pritchard lost no time in telegraphing to his father-in-law, and preparations were made for conveying the corpse to Edinburgh. In the interval Pritchard asked Mr. Taylor to apply to Dr. Paterson for a certificate of death, but that gentleman informed the bereaved husband that it was not the custom for a medical man to give a certificate to the relatives of a deceased person, but to send it to the District Registrar. When Pritchard heard this he went to the Registrar, a Mr. Struthers, and asked him to forward to Paterson the usual form of certificate and request him to fill it up. This was done, but instead of filling up the form Paterson wrote to the Registrar as follows:

"I am surprised that I should be asked to certify the cause of death of this lady, whom I only saw for a few minutes, just before her death. She seemed to me to be under some narcotic, but Dr. Pritchard, who was present from the first moment of the attack, may be able to certify the cause. I cannot. The death was sudden, and, to me, mysterious."

It is a very remarkable fact that no notice was taken of this letter, and, so far as I have been able to gather, the Registrar was never called upon for any explanation, and he volunteered none. Whether or not Pritchard was aware that this letter had been sent does not seem to be clear; anyway, the day before Mrs. Taylor was buried he met Dr. Paterson in Sauchiehall Street, and informed him that he was going through to Edinburgh the next day to attend the funeral, and he asked him as a favour to look in and see Mrs. Pritchard during his absence. This Paterson agreed to do.

In accordance with the arrangement Paterson called the next morning, when Pritchard had gone, and had a long interview with the invalid, during which he drew from her a history of her illness. Suspicion had obviously already taken possession of his mind, and he was anxious to get at the truth. He found the unfortunate lady utterly prostrated, and in a state of great mental distress, owing to her mother's mysterious and unexpected death. Having subjected her to a thorough examination, he came to the conclusion that she was in a very serious condition of health. He prescribed for her, and recommended that she should be fed upon small quantities at a time of most nourishing food, and that her drink should consist of iced champagne and brandy in tablespoon doses.

"A HOT, PEPPERY TASTE."

The next day Pritchard returned, and he appears to have administered the champagne and brandy, but it is not known if he gave his wife the medicine Paterson had prescribed. Thus, for several days, matters went on, and the invalid seemed to be improving. At the end of a fortnight, however, another incident happened. Mrs. Pritchard had recovered to such an extent that she asked to be allowed to have a piece of cheese. In accordance with this request a morsel of cheese was cut off a large piece. It was supper-time, and Pritchard and the student lodgers were having their supper together. Pritchard himself cut the cheese, and it was put on to a plate, and Mary McLeod was sent into the kitchen for some other food that had been prepared for the invalid. When all was ready, Mary carried the supper up to her mistress, including that morsel of cheese, which, in the short interval that occurred between its being cut and carried upstairs, the murderer, by the exercise of some extraordinary cunning, had managed to poison.

How he did it was never discovered, and it will always remain a mystery; but it was poisoned beyond a doubt. Mrs. Pritchard, having tasted it, complained that there was something wrong, and asked Mary to taste it. The girl put a piece in her mouth and swallowed it. She instantly complained that it had "a hot, peppery taste," and burnt her throat, and soon afterwards she suffered from great thirst. She cleared the supper things away, including the remains of the cheese, which Mrs. Pritchard had refused to eat. She put the things into the kitchen without mentioning anything to the cook. The following morning, when the cook went down to the kitchen to light the fire, she saw the piece of cheese on the plate together with a biscuit. She ate the cheese, and in a few minutes was violently sick and had to go to bed.

(To be concluded next week.)

"I suppose old Cashman has more money than he knows what to do with?"

"Yes; but his wife and daughters are ready to supply the needed information."

Elsie (aged five): "I do hope some Dutchman will marry me when I grow up."

Aunt Mary: "Why, dear?"

Elsie: "Because I want to be a duchess."

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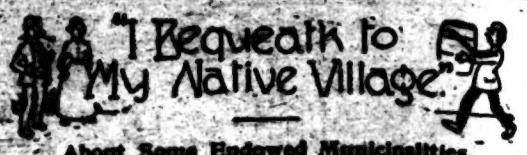

About Some Endowed Municipalities.

When poor, old William Watson died a few weeks ago, no one who knew him supposed that he had one shilling to rub against another. He had come back from Australia some years previously to his native place, Portadown, in Co. Armagh, and lived, apparently, in the depths of poverty in a tiny, three-roomed cottage.

Not having been seen for some days, it was supposed that the old man was ill, but when police entered the house, they found him dead. They found, also, his will, in which he left no less a sum than £10,000 to the town "for the purpose of providing healthy recreation."

He also provided that once in five years the Urban Council should dine at the expense of his property, the cost not to exceed £1 a head.

TWO WIDOWS, TEN GIRLS, AND A FIDDLER.

It is no unusual thing for a wealthy man to make large gifts to a town during his life-time. Mr. Carnegie, for instance, has put £500,000 in trust for Dunfermline, besides giving the town Pitencrieff Park. But the fashion of leaving legacies to one's native place has largely gone out—at least, in England.

It was common enough in bygone days. John Thake, who died in 1537, bequeathed to Clavering, in Essex, a sum sufficient to give the poor of the place two barrels of herrings yearly. George Staverton, who died 240 years ago, left £6 a year to Wokingham for the purpose of purchasing a bull, which was to be baited in the public square, and its carcase sold for the benefit of the poor.

The baiting ceased in 1823, but a fat beast is butchered on the usual date, and its flesh distributed.

At the Cornish St. Ives they still keep green the memory of John Knill, who was mayor of the borough nearly a century ago. This worthy gentleman left a considerable sum to the town, the interest of which is annually distributed between two widows, ten young girls, and a fiddler. These have to walk in procession to John Knill's tomb, around which they dance seven times, and then make merry on ginger beer and buns.

A legacy of £200 left to Wednesbury in the sixteenth century for the purpose of providing three gowns and three coats to poor members of the community, was invested in land, and its value now exceeds £6,000. To-day the Charity Commissioners are able to present two hundred gowns and sixty coats out of the income.

Leighton Buzzard is one of the most fortunate towns in respect of the amount of money left to it. A seventeenth-century resident, Mr. G. Wilkes, bequeathed a sum large enough to keep no fewer than ten almshouses going, besides conferring other benefits on the poor. In memory of this charitable citizen, the boundaries of his various properties are still beaten annually and the will is read. The trustees are accompanied by the town crier and a number of boys, one of whom has to stand on his head while the will is being read.

ANNOYED THE OLD MAN GREATLY.

The Swiss city of Bern has been considerably enriched by the will of Herr Feller, a wealthy brewer, who died some ten years ago. He was a citizen of Thun, and, having no near relatives, resolved to leave his money to that town, and by a first will actually did so. But a year or two before his death the people of Thun failed to re-elect him to the municipal council. This annoyed the old man so greatly that he made a new will.

Part of his property went to the Museum of Bern, and most of the remainder to charitable institutions in that town. The rest he left in trust to provide a yearly banquet at which the guests should be the officials of the Bern Museum, the members of the Society of Fine Arts, and the teachers at the School of Arts. The banqueters are enjoined to use his plate, linen, and silver and to leave a place for him, in front of which his pet silver goblet is to stand, wreathed in flowers.

What is probably the best-endowed place in the world is Chamaret, a French village of only 600 people. In 1892 an old miser died, and left the place three-quarters of a million francs. The yearly revenue is now over £1,200 a year, and the money not only defrays all parochial expenses, but provides a Christmas box of about a sovereign apiece for the heads of the various families.

La Haye, in Normandy, is almost equally well off. Twenty years ago a M. Fortier, a prosperous resident, left his whole fortune to the place, and as the income is £850 a year, and there are only eighty families in the village, the result is very pleasant for them.

One-third of the money is devoted to provide bread, boots, and medicines at reduced prices for the inhabitants, another third makes a savings bank nucleus for young couples about to marry, while the remainder is distributed in cash among the conscripts who have been called to the colours from La Haye.

Every footline tells a story. Don't miss the thrilling narrative concentrated in the one on this page next week.

Very Badly Fogged.

One of Mr. Chorley's Adventures Related by

ARNOLD GOLSWORTHY.

THERE had been a yellow fog in London all day, and towards the end of the afternoon the fog became thicker and yellower than ever. Chorley, therefore, decided to leave his office an hour earlier than usual, as the trains were certain to be late, and he had no fancy for arriving home at midnight.

It was impossible to get any kind of conveyance to the station, and Chorley, therefore, set out on foot. The fog did not bother him very much, as he knew every inch of the way. Had he not walked or 'bussed it for something like thirty years? This evening, of course, he had to trust to instinct, as he could scarcely see the pavement under his feet, but he reckoned that he must be just about to turn into Finsbury Circus, when he suddenly cannoned into a burly man who had all at once materialised out of the fog.

"I really beg pardon," spluttered Chorley.

"Don't mention it, sir," replied the stranger good-humouredly. "It's the kind of weather for that sort of thing. Could you tell me if I'm anywhere near Fleet Street."

"Fleet Street!" echoed Chorley. "Good gracious, man, you're coming away from it!"

"Oh, no, I'm not," said the stranger positively. "I may be some distance from it, but I'm certainly on the right road."

"That's nonsense," said Chorley, "you're steering straight in the opposite direction. I know. I've been along this road, man and boy, for thirty years and——"

"You can have been on it since the Flood, for all I care," said the stranger. "But you're out of your bearings now."

Chorley felt annoyed that his knowledge of the London streets should be questioned by a mere outsider like this. "Look here," he said, "I'll prove to you that I'm right. About twenty paces from here the street suddenly widens——"

"Rats!" retorted the stranger not very politely, as he passed on his way.

But Chorley was determined to satisfy himself, at least, of the exactitude of his knowledge of the locality. He carefully counted his steps in order to see whether it would take twenty or twenty-five to bring him to the spot he had in mind. And at the fifteenth step he crashed into a brick wall with such suddenness that his hat was knocked abruptly off his head.

Chorley struck a match and recovered his hat from the gutter. He could not remember having met that wall before. But as it seemed idle to suppose that the street had taken advantage of the fog to turn itself round, he could only conclude that, after all, he had mistaken the turning. A step or two more brought him to a brightly-lit shop, before the door of which a rough-looking man stood smoking a pipe. Chorley thought he would discuss his whereabouts with this person.

The civil-tongued man grabbed the watch with a jerk, and was lost in the fog a moment later.

"Do I turn to the left or the right for Finsbury Circus?" he inquired.

"Where's Finsbury Circus when it's at 'ome?" asked the rough-looking man. "We 'ad Sangerses Circus up this way last year, but——"

"Finsbury Circus is close by, man," said Chorley. "What's the name of this street."

"This is the Whitechapel Road, *man*," replied the rough-looking person.

"Oh, nonsense," replied Chorley. "I know better than that. Why——"

"Well, if you know better, what yer want to come arstin' me for, then?" said the rough-looking man, surlily. "I oughter know. I bin 'ere ten years. An,' besides," he added, as if a new idea had suddenly struck him, "d'ye mean to say as what I'm a liar?"

"Oh, dear, no," Chorley hastened to assure him. "I merely thought you might be mistaken. Of course you must be right. I seem to have been coming away from Finsbury Circus all the time."

"Shouldn't wonder," grunted the rough-looking man looking as far ahead of him as the fog permitted.

"You see," continued Chorley, "I want to get to King's Cross."

"Well, keep straight on," said the man, "and you'll come to the Underground Railway. That's your best way a night like this."

Chorley thanked him and stepped briskly forward. He did not know much about Whitechapel, but he had always heard that it wasn't a nice place at night, especially if the night was over dark or foggy; and he rather fancied he would be glad to get to the Underground Station as soon as possible. After he had gone about half a mile, a man who wore a striped jersey instead of a waistcoat stopped him and said, civilly enough:

"'Ave you got the right time on you, guv'nor?"

"Certainly," replied Chorley, unbuttoning his coat, and taking out his watch. "It's just——"

That was as far as he could get. The civil-tongued man grabbed the watch with a jerk, and was lost in the fog a moment later. Chorley gasped for breath at the suddenness of it all, and then he shouted:

"'Ave a bit!" and as he spoke, the boy splashed the brush of whitewash across Chorley's face.

"Stop thief—hi! stop him!"

A few moments later a policeman, attracted by Chorley's cries, stepped out of the fog.

"What's up, mister?" he said. "Lost anything?"

"Yes," said Chorley. "A man came up and snatched my watch. If you're quick you'll catch him."

"Ah," said the policeman. "Which way did he go?"

"This way," said Chorley pointing through the fog. "Er—no—I mean, *that* way," he added correcting himself. "You see, the fog is so thick——"

"Yes," replied the policeman with a grim smile. "It *is* a bit thick—especially to gents that's got it both inside an' out. You take my advice, old chap, and toddle 'ome."

"Do you mean to suggest—" Chorley began indignantly.

"That's quite enough, mister," said the policeman, "if you want to be run in, say so. If not, you'll just behave yourself."

The policeman drifted away into the fog and Chorley lost sight of him before he could decide upon a suitable form of reply. There was nothing for it, therefore, but to proceed dismally on his way. He walked on for about another half-mile, as he reckoned, and then he came upon three or four small boys who were squabbling about the ownership of a pail of whitewash with a brush sticking up in it. The ages of the boys averaged from ten to thirteen, and as far as Chorley could make out, the pail and its contents were the proceeds of a small theft that had been jointly conducted.

Chorley had a vague idea that he ought to call for the police again; but the memory of his recent experience did not encourage him in the idea. Besides, he had really no interest in anything now except the whereabouts of the Underground Station.

"Is this the right way for the Underground?" he inquired casually as he came up to the boys.

"What d'ye want?" Chorley asked testily. "Only to swop 'ats, guv'nor," replied the seedy man.

"Yuss, guv'nor," replied one of them, "keep strite on. Wanter buy a pailful o' whitewash, guv'nor?"

"Certainly not," replied Chorley. "I hope you haven't stolen it."

"Oh, no, sir," said the boy with a look of mock humility, as he took hold of the pail with one hand and the brush with the other.

"What are you going to do with it?" inquired Chorley sternly.

"We're a givin' of it away, guv'nor," said the young ruffian. "'Ave a bit?"

As he spoke the boy splashed the brush of whitewash across Chorley's face, and then with a yell of laughter the gang flew off, each of the boys taking a different direction in his hurry. Chorley spluttered out an angry cry, but he was too busy for some moments wiping his face with his handkerchief, to think of taking any steps in pursuit. As he realised his helplessness he felt he could have wept.

At that moment a four-wheeled cab came strolling by. Chorley at once hailed it, and, in spite of the driver's refusal to proceed at more than a walking pace, got into it and told the man to drive to the Underground Station. The progress of the cab was snail-like, as the horse had to be led all the way, but Chorley felt that he was at least safe from molestation here. At one of the cross-roads the cab had to stop for a moment or two, on account of a block in the traffic. A seedy looking man came up to the cab and peeped in at the window. Then he tapped on the glass hurriedly and beckoned to Chorley.

Chorley lowered the sash and put his head out of the window.

"What d'ye want?" he asked testily.

"On'y wanted to swap 'ats, guv'nor," replied the seedy man, snatching the nice shiny hat from Chorley's head with a swift dexterity, and flinging his own battered wideawake in Chorley's face. At the same moment, the cab started forward with a jerk, and Chorley realised the utter hopelessness of any attempt to find the impudent thief. He did not feel secure until he was safely on the Underground Railway, and even then he kept as closely as possible to the guard for the rest of his journey.

(Mr. Golsworthy will relate another of Chorley's adventures next week.)

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Picked Pars.

With His Own Petard.

Through treading on a bomb which he had placed in his house as a trap for burglars, M. Jabet, of Rochefort (France), has been gravely injured.

Libel.

A man who appeared at the Willesden Police Court was said by a constable to have spent the fifty-nine years of his life in idleness. "That is not true," retorted the man, in tones of the deepest indignation. "I have worked. I once did a little 'opping."

Applied in Person.

The first applicant for a dog license in Nottingham this year was an Irish terrier, which trotted into the Inland Revenue offices with an envelope containing the official notice and the necessary fee in its mouth. The clerk made out the license and gave it to the dog, which then trotted back to its owner's office.

How Boston Enjoys Itself.

A well-known Washington architect who has just returned from Boston (U.S.A.), is chortling over a good joke on that correct and literary city. He says that in the reading-room of one of the most exclusive clubs in the town there is a sign that reads:—

"Only low conversation permitted here."

Up a Tree.

To escape a pack of wild dogs, a farmer, thirty miles north of Pretoria, took refuge in a tree and was besieged by the animals for twenty-four hours, when friends effected his rescue.

Revenge is Sweet.

While a constable of the City Police was away on duty at night, a burglar broke into his house, at Dalston, and, in addition to stealing a quantity of clothing, decamped with his Jubilee and Coronation medals.

Clubs are Trumps.

A member's offer of a gift of playing-cards for the amusement of old men in the workhouse has been refused by a majority of the Isle of Wight guardians. Some years ago, it was stated, card-playing in the workhouse led to fighting and black eyes.

Burns v. Birds.

Mr. Robert Burns has been attacked by a large cormorant in Cayton Bay, near Scarborough. The bird flew at him again and again, and with beak and claws scratched and tore his face. He narrowly escaped losing the sight of his left eye before he succeeded in beating the bird off. He was attended to at the Scarborough Hospital.

A Few Items of Fact that will Interest You.

They are Looking for Him.

Six girls were locked by an office-boy in a fireproof and airtight room on the twelfth floor of a Chicago skyscraper. The boy found he could not reopen the door, and the girls were almost suffocated when help arrived.

Who'd be a Music Maker?

As a trained elephant performing at a theatre at Beziers (France) was reaching for a cake offered him by the bandmaster, it toppled over among the musicians, and was got back with difficulty.

Did Him Good.

While suffering from pneumonia, and delirious, a Belfast carter named Stewart leapt from a second-floor window and, dressed only in a shirt, ran for two miles in the snow. He was caught by a cyclist, and is recovering.

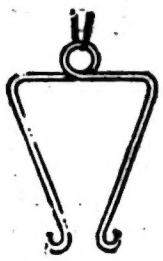
Where's Frank Richardson?

In the recollections of a well-known big game hunter in India it is stated that after skinning a tiger it is always necessary to guard its whiskers, as the natives have an unpleasant habit of cutting them up very small and mixing them with the curry of those they dislike. The finely-divided bristles set up an irritant poison, the results of which often prove serious.

Picture Pars. *(See footline.)*

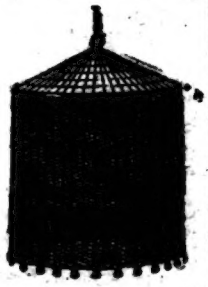
A carefully indexed handbook, entitled "Picture Paragraphs," containing a selection of the best of the pars used on this page, is now on sale at all bookstalls. Price One Shilling, or post free for 1s. 2d. from the Publisher, 18 Henrietta St., London, W.C.

TO CALL THE RANCHERS.



It is a simple matter to summon the household to dinner in Britain, but, in the wilds of Australia and Western America, the ordinary dinner-gong would be quite useless, owing to the long distance from the house at which its inhabitants are working. This illustration shows the instrument which is generally used in these parts of the world. It is made of iron or steel about half an inch in diameter, and when it is struck with a wooden mallet the sound may be heard distinctly a mile away.

HOW GERMANS FISH.

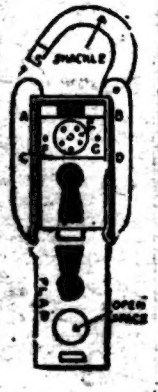


This picture shows the curious form of net used by German fishermen on the river Elbe. A is an iron rim, and when the net is suddenly lowered into the water this rim naturally sinks quicker than the sides, causing the latter to spread out a distance of from twenty-four to thirty feet, thus capturing any fish there may be within that distance. When the bottom of the net, which is weighted with small pieces of lead, has settled down, it is pulled together by means of a cord, and the net raised to the surface. The operation is repeated every three minutes or so, the fisherman allowing his boat to drift down the river, so as to find a fresh spot every time. The average catch is from six to twelve.

FOR CUTTING LEAD.

The two implements shown in this picture are used for the purpose of cutting sheet lead. The one consists of a T-shaped wooden handle, terminating in a blade with a sharp pointed edge. Through a hole in the centre of this blade, a link is fastened and a rope attached to it. One plumber then places the blade on the line to be cut, and presses hard on the handle, while his mate, sitting or kneeling at the other end, pulls gently on the rope. The cut is thus made deep enough to be finished off with an ordinary lead knife, B.

A REVENUE LOCK.



For the proper protection of the Excise Revenue at distilleries, the use of locks and labels is largely depended on. Each time a lock is fastened in position, the officer places an initialled paper label in the space A. B. C. D., pressing it down upon the five projecting points of the revolving disc E. The fixed points F. G. keep this label in its place. The flap of the lock and the shackle are then closed, the turning of the key locking both at the same time. In locking, the disc does not revolve, but in unlocking it immediately does so, tearing the label with its projecting points. There is an open space in the flap to enable the officer to see whether the label is intact.

CHEMISTS' SINKS.

Chemists very seldom make use of a porcelain or stone sink, preferring one constructed of wood and lined inside with lead sheeting, as shown in the picture. In washing bottles and glasses in a sink of this description one is far less likely to crack them, for, while the least tap on porcelain or stone frequently means disaster, one can very often drop a glass in a lead-lined sink without breaking it. As the Government stamped measures used by chemists are expensive, the saving in money effected by one of these sinks is considerable.

WHITEWASHING PORT.

Genuine bottles of "old crusted port" nearly always have a very dirty white dab on one side of the bottle as shown in the illustration. This is placed there by the cellarman when the port is first bottled. He passes down the row with some whitewash and dabs each bottle on the top, so that he may know which way to replace them should they ever be moved from the bin. After port has been laid down for a few months it begins to form a deposit, and it is of the utmost importance that the bottle should always be kept lying on the same side. Cheap and inferior ports are frequently decorated in the same manner, but one can generally tell them by the freshness of the dab.

Personal Pars.

Tongue Twisting.

Some examples of "Spoonerisms," as those amusing slips of the tongue on the part of Dr. Spooner, of Oxford, are designated, have already appeared on this page. Here is another. As the head of New College, the Doctor rose to his feet at a breaking-up supper, cleared his throat, and began: "Er-er-er, it is now my—er—pleasant duty to propose the host of the toast and toastess!"

Parliamentary Bulls.

Lord Balfour of Burleigh was recently making some remarks in the House of Lords, when he said, referring to another peer: "The noble lord shakes his head—and I'm very glad to hear it." About the same time in the House of Commons Mr W. P. Byles complained that the Patriotic Fund Corporation were storing up very large sums of money "which were given for these very widows, who are now dying off long before they get their money."

Bar's Patron.

Having recently celebrated his seventy-sixth birthday, stories of the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere are being recalled. As proprietor of Truth he has had to spend a deal of money in libel actions; indeed, he once admitted in court that he had spent over £40,000. "Then," said Sir Frank Lockwood, "I must thank you, Mr. Labouchere, on behalf of the profession. Go on and prosper!" Needless to say, there were roars of laughter in court.

Pope's Benediction.

Up to 1876 Mr. Grundy, the dramatist, practised as a barrister. On one occasion he was the late Mr. Pope's junior in a case on behalf of the London and North-Western Railway. "I was perfectly acquainted with my humble duties, and not in the least nervous," says Mr. Grundy, "until I rose to examine my first witness, when Mr. Pope, placing his hand to his mouth, said in a stage whisper that rang through the court: 'Now, young Grundy, don't be funky!'"

1842.

Interviewing Sergeant-Major Roberts Elliott, of Battersea, who has been sixty-six years in the Army, the Prince of Wales, at an inspection, asked the veteran: "When did you join the force?" "When your royal father was two months and two days old," replied the old soldier. "I must tell him that," said the Prince with a laugh.

Like Father.

Lord Colebridge, the judge, belongs to a famous legal family, as both his father and grandfather were judges. There are four other occupants of the Bench whose fathers were judges before them—Mr. Justice Channell, Mr. Justice Vaughan Deane, Mr. Justice Phillimore, and Lord Justice Bargrave Williams.

Crusted Peerage.

Lord Saye and Sele, who has just succeeded his father as the eighteenth peer, holds a title which was originally created in 1447 by Henry VI. The first peer was imprisoned in the Tower of London, from which he was dragged by Jack Cade's mob and beheaded in Cheapside. Another Lord Saye was one of the twenty-five barons who wrung from the King the observance of Magna Charta. The new peer, who is forty-nine, served in the Zulu War of 1879-80.

Coiffeur's Check.

The latest Rockefeller yarn relates to the visit which the multi-millionaire paid to Paris recently. He ordered two wigs from a coiffeur in the gay city, and the bill amounted to £24. When presenting the account, the tradesman asked for an autograph. "Certainly," replied Mr. Rockefeller, who wrote and signed a cheque for £24, which he handed to the coiffeur. "Thank you," said the man, "but if I cash this to get my money I shall not have the autograph." "Well, don't get your money," replied the multi-millionaire cheerfully as he took his departure.

A Few Facts About Well-known People.

Doctor's Dream.

Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C. and M.P., has earned the reputation of being a deadly cross-examiner. After being in the witness-box under Mr. Isaacs' searchlight for some days a doctor said to him: "I dreamed about you last night, Mr. Isaacs. You have been a nightmare to me. I have hardly slept since you let me out of the box on Friday. I dreamed you had examined me, and I seemed to have nothing on but bones." The court laughed at this unwilling tribute to the barrister's powers.

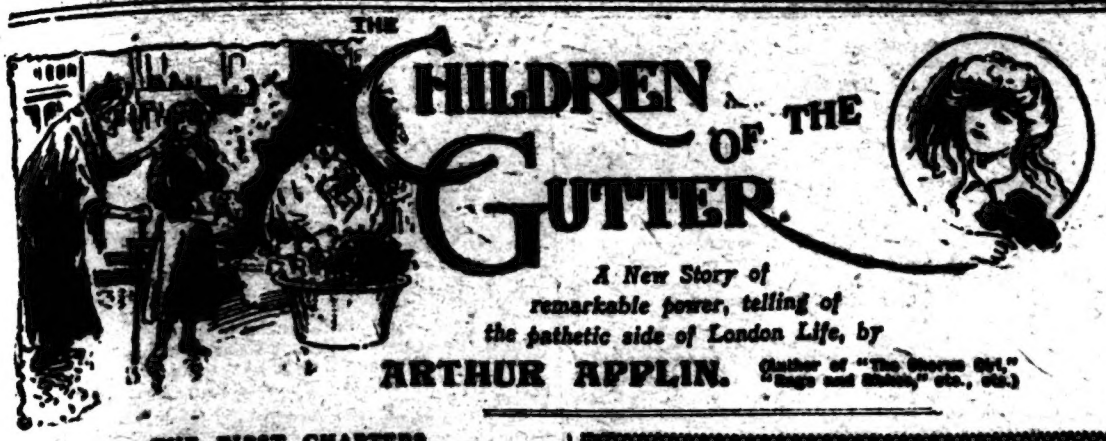
Boy Artist.

When an office boy in early life, Mr. Holman Hunt, the great artist, was alone at the desk one day when a gentleman called and asked for the principal. He left his name, and said his business was important, but on the principal's return poor Hunt was distressed to find that he had forgotten the name. His master naturally showed signs of annoyance, and there is no telling what might have happened had not the boy said: "I can't remember the gentleman's name, sir, but I can sketch his likeness." And he did, to the astonishment of his chief.

Ancient Family.

Sir William Vavasour, Bart., has recently had occasion to part with his Yorkshire estate and home, Hazelwood Castle, near Tadcaster. Though Sir William's title dates only from 1828, the Castle has been the seat of the Vavasour family since Norman times. The present building, which was built about the year 1265, stands on the site of the old Manor House, which had been burnt down. St. Leonard's Chapel, which adjoins the Castle, contains the tombs of two Crusaders. In the Doomsday Book it is recorded that the Vavasours were holding lands under the Percys at Hazelwood.

A pencil-case will be given to the sender of each original illustrated paragraph accepted and used on this page. Address your envelope to The Page Six Editor, Pearson's Weekly, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.



THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

"FLOWERS, lidy—beautiful chrysan'themums—violettes—sweet English violettes!"

It has been a bad day for the flower-sellers at Piccadilly Circus, and Maggie Druce, her basket far from emptied, almost forgets the gathering fog in her endeavours to dispose of her wares.

"Flowers, lidy, lovely——"

"'Arf asleep, ain't yer? My!—but I'll warm yer when I gets yer 'ome."

With a start the pretty flower-girl looks up. Her white skin blushes at the taunt. An old woman has hobbled across the road and with glaring eyes confronts her.

"Done the best I could," Maggie says softly.

The remark is greeted with a torrent of fiery language, and she is roughly seized by the shoulder and piloted through the mass of traffic. Through street after street the ill-assorted couple hurry; at last Drury Lane is entered, and on the third floor of Rockfeller Buildings their journey ends. Ma Druce and daughter have reached home.

In the sordid room are others. By the fitful light of an evil-smelling lamp, the forms of Alf, Maggie's brother, who exists by selling papers, and invests many coppers on horses that do not win, and Jim, who has married Maggie's sister, can be discerned.

At the sight of Jim, her out-of-work son-in-law, Ma Druce again breaks into a storm of abuse.

The man does not move a muscle; he takes a long breath, then sighs. "Shut it," he says quietly; "you'll drive Maggie the same way as you did Ruby, with your nagging. Give her something to eat."

Ma Druce laughs shrilly. "Where's that rope-end? I'll learn 'er. I'll learn the lot of yer!"

She hits Maggie with the rope. The girl's demeanour instantly changes. No longer a girl but a little demon, she springs towards her mother.

But a small hand restrains her. "'Old 'and; I've done it," a voice whispers. "The long-priced 'un's rolled 'ome."

Maggie stops; she understands; her brother Alf has backed a winner. That night the two will have high jinks together; a visit to a theatre and a "blow out" afterwards. Brother and sister escape from the dreary home. In a Soho back street a barrel-organ is playing, and Maggie dances to it with joy tingling in her veins.

At the theatre a young man presently accosts them; Alf decides he is a "real toff."

"Hope you don't mind me stopping you," he says, addressing Maggie; "but I saw you dancing in Soho just now, and I want to paint you—make a picture of you dancing to a barrel-organ in a muddy street, you know. Could you spare me two or three hours a day? I'm afraid it won't run to more than four or five shillings at the outside. And, perhaps, if you're keen on dancing, I might help you to become a dancer, get into a theatre—a ballet somewhere. My name's Jim Ferguson. If you can't make up your mind now, think it over—here's my card."

When the play is over, Maggie's thoughts turn to the artist who wants to paint her.

"Alf," she says quietly, "I shall go and see this Mr. Jim. Yer don't mind, Alf; and yer won't say a word!"

"I won't say a word, not if they skin me alive. And, Maggie"—Alf flounders for words—"I don't want to say anythink against 'er, but . . . well—yer knows how it was with Ruby."

The next morning, when Jim Ferguson is painting hard in his studio, Maggie appears. Miss Maud Mountjoy, the popular actress whom Jim had been portraying on his canvas, takes her departure, and the artist poses his young model. An Italian with his organ is brought in, and a creditable picture is drawn. Visitors call, Lady Bodeley and her daughter, and in the Bohemianism of the studio a little tea party takes place. It is Maggie's first experience of "real ladies," and she thinks them delightful.

But all good things have an end, and later, when accompanied by Alf she reaches home, Ma Druce is again furious. With the rope-end she belabours Maggie, and blood spurts from the flower-girl's white skin. A knife is lying near. Alf seizes it. There is a shriek, then silence.

Horror-stricken, the occupants of that stuffy room gaze at the body on the floor. Ma Druce is dead. Jim, the out-of-work, takes upon himself the blame of her death. He maintains that, when standing between Ma Druce and her son, he pushed the old woman to the ground, and that she is only stunned. "Alf," he says, "take Maggie and get out of it, and never come back here again."

Alf heeds the advice and the couple go round to Ferguson, who gives them sleeping accommodation for the evening. Alf hawks his papers next day and they sell like wildfire. They contain an account of the murder of an old woman at Rockfeller Buildings—Ma Druce.

The paper-boy wanders back to his old home. An air of stillness reigns in the room, the place is deserted save for the drunken form of his father. He tries to impress one thing on his parent's muddled intellect. "Jim didn't do it," he says, "Jim didn't do it."

Then he descends the stairs.

After having received her posing money from the artist Maggie leaves the studio.

CHAPTER TWELVE.
The Dresden China Figure.

FERGUSON did not call her back. He was feeling tired, and he wanted to be alone—to rest in order to prepare himself for the afternoon. He had promised a first sitting to the Hon. Miss Bodeley. If she had been a model he would have sent a telegram putting her off; if she had been merely a friend—— But she was both more and less!

Miss Bodeley was bread and butter! Jim Ferguson had always quarrelled with his bread and butter, but he was beginning to find he could not do so with impunity any longer. Lady Bodeley had offered him sixty guineas if he would paint her daughter's portrait. He was on the point of refusing, for he knew what the picture meant: a Paris frock, perhaps a Paris hat, and a smile, with a pink and white complexion.

It was prostitution of his art! And he looked around his studio, and his unfinished and unsold pictures—his moments of mental aberration, as the housekeeper called them—grinned sarcastically at him.

He looked at his bank-book. That did not grin: it frowned—or the figures seemed to! There were five pounds thirteen shillings to his credit! So there was nothing for it but to paint Miss Bodeley's portrait. Certainly she was pretty, but Ferguson was inclined to despise merely pretty women. She was probably a social success, and he hated social successes. He was foolishly in love with Brains, and he had not found them in any quantity in Westminster, despite the proximity of his studio to the Houses of Parliament!

After giving a few desultory touches to Maggie's picture, he laid it against the wall and prepared a canvas for Miss Bodeley. Then, grumbling quietly at the trouble of putting his studio in order, he "cleaned up" and prepared his lunch.

There was only a crust of bread in his larder, a small piece of stale cheese—which probably the Westminster mice had left in disgust—and a bottle of beer.

But he pretended he had enjoyed a good meal, and when nothing remained but an empty bottle he filled and lit his pipe, and, drawing a couple of chairs to the fire, put the major portion of himself on one and the minor portion—his feet—on the other, and fell to dreaming of Maggie and brother Alf.

Two ridiculous children, but vastly entertaining. He wondered what had driven them from the place they called home. London was very full of children such as they—little men and women with the burdens and sorrows and temptations of quite big men and women. And no one to guide or help them, no one to love them.

Nothing between them and the deep sea save charitable and penal institutions. What, he asked himself, would be the end of Maggie Druce? Through the cloud of tobacco smoke he tried to see her future, and Alf's. It was terribly easy to foretell what lay before the boy. Unless the Army claimed him, he would drift into the mighty camp of crime that is pitched in the midst of our city, or else just become a wastrel, a burden to himself and to the State.

Maggie's future was not so easy nor so pleasant to foresee, so much may happen to a woman—a girl of the gutters. She is not brought up to regard marriage as the beginning and end of her existence. She is not brought up at all; she just grows, and, like a flower in an unkept garden, be she red rose, white lily, or scarlet poppy, is at the mercy of the weeds and thorns that surround her, and the tempests that beat upon her head. The well-ordered garden, like the well-ordered house, has its gardener; but the Devil is master in the garden of the city.

Jim Ferguson smoked himself into a drowsy feeling of responsibility. He had found this human flower and brought it to his studio. Could he, when he had admired and painted it, throw it out again into the streets?

The question was unanswered, because he fell asleep. And when he awoke he was conscious, before he opened his eyes and brushed away the cobwebs, that he was not alone.

"I am so sorry. I thought you were—I mean, I didn't know——"

Ferguson jumped to his feet and rubbed his eyes. Certainly neither the voice of Miss Mountjoy nor of Maggie.

He turned quickly towards the door, and saw Miss Bodeley standing irresolutely on the threshold.

The Dresden china figure!

But she looked very human to-day; there was a delightful smile parting her lips, and her eyes twinkled merrily.

"By jove, I was asleep!" Ferguson stammered. "Do forgive me. The fact is——"

Miss Bodeley held up her hand warningly. "Don't apologise and don't explain, *please!* Life seems full of explanations and apologies. I'm so tired of them."

Ferguson was staring. "I hope you haven't forgotten who I am, or why I am here?" Miss Bodeley continued.

"Of course not. I was looking forward to your coming."

Miss Bodeley made the faintest grimace. "That is neither an explanation nor an apology; it is what I call a tarradiddle! I know perfectly well that you really feel bored at the idea of painting my portrait. That is why I made mother hustle you into accepting the commission. By the way, where *is* mother?"

Ferguson glanced uneasily around the room. "I'm sure I don't know! I hope she isn't here—I mean to say, I was asleep, you know!"

The Dresden china figure nodded. "I do know—fast asleep and almost snoring! Mother was to have met me here. Perhaps I'm early."

She looked guilty. Ferguson pushed a chair before the fire, and she slipped into it, placed her toes on the fender, and regarded them critically. Ferguson looked at them too; her feet were long and narrow, and he unconsciously gave a sigh of relief.

She might not be so very difficult to paint. He could well imagine many worse social successes clamouring for a portrait and the Academy!

"I wanted to arrive before mother," Miss Bodeley continued frankly, "because, though she's a dear and I always do what she wishes——"

"Always?"

"Well—nearly!"

Ferguson wondered if he would be able to transmit the twinkle in her eyes on to his canvas.

"But she is rather old-fashioned in some ways, and has prejudices. I know we shall quarrel over this wretched old portrait of mine."

"You've made up your mind it will be wretched?" Ferguson smiled.

"Only if mother has her own way." Miss Bodeley laughed, unabashed. "You see, she would like something very lifelike and very stiff and very finished, and rather Early Victorian! She thinks I'm going to wear a nice white frock and a deadly dull black hat, and carry a bunch of flowers in my hand—or perhaps Carlyle's 'French Revolution.' And she expects a background of heavy curtains—you know?"

Ferguson nodded. "I guessed!—And what do *you* expect?"

Miss Bodeley rose and threw aside her cloak. "Look at me!"

Ferguson walked a few feet away and looked.

Dresden china still, but certainly fascinating. Her dress was black, with a touch of purple at the throat and absurd little purple bows running down the bodice and skirt. The dress was distinctive, it possessed originality, yet doubtless it had been created and fashioned by a fashionable modiste. The Honourable Miss Bodeley's hat was exceptionally large, placed rather at the back of her head, and the bunch of coque feathers occasionally swept her shoulders.

Quite unconsciously Ferguson knocked out, refilled, and lit his pipe, whilst he shifted his position, looked at her from different points of view and in different lights.

At first she bore his scrutiny with pleased amusement, almost childish delight. She was nineteen, and had only just gone through the barbarous practice of coming out. But already she looked upon admiration, and homage even, as her legitimate right. Ferguson was paying her homage—at least so she thought. Presently she began to have doubts.

It was not quite nice of him to light that ugly briar pipe without at least asking her permission; his restlessness irritated her. Why could he not stand still, and why could he not say something—nice?

She almost began to regret that she had forestalled her mother. Youth and the fascination of meeting a man who was not ashamed of old clothes, or a dusty studio, or of earning his own living had tempted her—the desire to make better acquaintance with a portion of life which she had never met before.

Now she began to regret both her curiosity and her fatal habit of acting on impulse. Yet she was still attracted by the spice of danger—she was only nineteen, and so anything that was not strictly conventional seemed dangerous. She had been brought up, like the rest of unfortunate humanity that is born with religion and an income by its bedside, to judge life by its tailor and its dressmaker and the school at which it learns to misbehave itself.

Jim Ferguson was beginning to frown. Miss Bodeley began to grow alarmed lest something had happened to her dress; she turned round quickly, reviling nature for not having given her eyes in the back of her head and Ferguson for not having a mirror in his studio. Apparently everything was all right.

At last the artist grunted and puffed a cloud of smoke from between his lips: "Yes, that will do. I think you want something across your shoulders to soften the outline—the dress rather advertises itself as a dress, you know."

He turned his back on her, and, opening the cupboard, hunted among his collection of rubbish.

Miss Bodeley was too astonished to speak. For the first time in her short life she had met a man who dared criticise. She had met a man who had looked her up and down; indeed, she had felt as if those steady grey eyes had looked through and sized her soul up as well as her dress.

"Here you are," Ferguson cried, producing something lacey and soft not unlike a Spanish mantilla. He threw it across her shoulders carelessly. "Now, then, do you mind just jumping up here?" He pointed to the model's throne.

Miss Bodeley obeyed from sheer surprise; her lips met tightly and her brows were contracted. Ferguson looked up from his canvas, with a piece of charcoal between his fingers, his pipe between his lips.

"Great Scott!" he laughed, "you look as if you were going to have a tooth out! What's the matter?"

Miss Bodeley was on the point of being carried away by anger, but a sense of humour came to her rescue. "We haven't arranged terms," she said softly. "What do you pay your models an hour, Mr. Ferguson?"

He realised at once he had been brusque, perhaps a

Mary had a little lamb, and this page will have a little footline next week.

little impolite. He laid down his charcoal, took the pipe from his mouth, and laid it down too; then, walking to the foot of the throne, his hands clasped behind his back, he looked up.

"I am so sorry! I think I warned Lady Bodeley I was not a fashionable portrait painter, and my manners, like my clothes, are Bohemian: both want mending, I know."

The face of the Dresden china figure grew scarlet. She had been on the point of hating Jim Ferguson, now she hated herself. If she could, she would have kicked herself; she even tried in a feeble way, but only hurt her ankle and nearly overbalanced. She told herself she was a horrid, nasty, ill-mannered little snob; and all the time Ferguson stood just below her, his hands clasped behind his back, looking up, smiling.

But though he smiled, there was just a suspicion of something in his eyes . . . the expression one might see in the eyes of a dog who has unexpectedly felt the whip. She looked at him, and her whole body grew as her face; and again she almost hated him for making her feel as no one else had ever made her feel.

There was no other way of explaining the emotions which she was undergoing; they were too vague and illusive. She, who had sailed through last season's drawing-rooms cool, calm, dignified, with a pretty touch of youthful pride, now found herself as embarrassed and awkward as a schoolgirl suddenly transferred from a country rectory to a London ballroom.

And it was this artist, with ragged clothes and ragged manners and a dirty briar pipe, who had robbed her of her self-possession.

"I hope you are not apologising; I was only joking," she stammered. The cloud disappeared, her eyes twinkled again, her lips parted.

"I think I ought to apologise," Ferguson replied, speaking seriously "And do you mind very much if I smoke whilst I work—it's easier somehow, and——"

His apology was uncompleted. Suddenly he dashed back to his easel, the pipe returned to his mouth and the charcoal to his fingers. "Don't move," he cried excitedly. "By jove, it's perfect! Don't move, for heaven's sake; I'll never forgive you if you do!"

He was working at what could only be described as break-neck speed. The charcoal snapped between his fingers; he took another. And in broad, bold, black lines an outline of the Dresden china figure appeared on the canvas. How strange are the ways of nature—for the social success was easier for the artist than the social tragedy had been!

Poor little Maggie Druce, with her tattered skirt, her torn blouse and shining shoulders, and her cotton stockings hanging untidily about her ankles, had caused him anguish of soul, much labour, and little result. The Honourable Miss Bodeley, in outline at any rate, sprang to life on the great canvas as at the touch of a magician's fingers.

He was surprised himself, not pleased. It was merely a commission, and the Bodeleys were paying him, not for art, but for a coloured photograph. He felt irritated that Fate should let him start successfully on a pot-boiler whilst she refused to help him in the work that was nearest his heart—and incidentally farthest from his stomach.

Miss Bodeley was watching him out of the corner of one eye with an amused smile, for in spite of himself Ferguson had grown enthusiastic over his social pot-boiler, and when he grew enthusiastic his clothes, his hair, and even his face suffered. His hair, though short and crisp, stood on end where he had run his fingers through it, and his fingers had left traces where the charcoal had broken and sooty marks upon his face. The fires were lit in his eyes; they were like the eyes of a soldier dashing into battle.

The Dresden china figure had held her tongue for a long time, and at last nature rebelled.

"I'm afraid I came dreadfully early, Mr. Ferguson," she said demurely, "and then I pretended to be offended because you—well, just because you behaved as you ought to have behaved to me."

"Really?"

"Yes. . . . I don't think I had better tell mother how long I've been here when she comes . . . she's so funny, you know."

"Yes, I know—mothers generally are."

Ferguson was growing very interested in Miss Bodeley, but not the least in her conversation; he only replied for fear of again being accused of impoliteness. Miss Bodeley realised this, and felt piqued, yet her soul was rather flattered at the keen excitement that possessed Ferguson and the enjoyment and passion with which he worked.

"I'm getting fearfully tired and awfully stiff, and one foot's fast asleep—can't I move?"

"No; one moment!" A final touch here and there—dust-cloth, charcoal, finger all at work; then Ferguson gave a boyish laugh of triumph, and, wiping the dust from his hands, helped Miss Bodeley from the model's throne.

"If the light only lasts, we'll throw some colour on to that this afternoon. I don't suppose you'll recognise yourself, it all looks so blurred; but it's—well, it's started very fairly; your pose was really excellent."

Miss Bodeley would again have gladly kicked herself, for she felt the colour mounting a second time to her cheeks. She was quite used to flattery, but she was not used to the truth—as the artist spoke it. She stood beside him, close beside him, and looked at the canvas. Certainly it did not convey much to her; she recognised herself looking rather distorted, something like a ghost who has lived through several London fogs. Nevertheless, she looked long and critically.

It was too early to judge the portrait, of course . . . yet, strangely enough, it was not too early to judge of Ferguson. Unconsciously she was paying more attention to him than to her portrait. She liked the pleasant, rather pungent scent of paint and tobacco smoke that surrounded him; it was queer, but it was fascinating. She liked his old clothes splashed with paint; she liked his absurd, crisp hair, which stood on end; she liked his determined jaws, and she came to the conclusion that his grey eyes were to be trusted, and that it would be quite unnecessary for her mother to chaperon her at sittings in the future.

"Well!"

Miss Bodeley started. Afraid to speak her thoughts aloud, she gave a foolish conventional reply—and continued to stare at the canvas. Ferguson yawned, stretched himself, and commenced to refill his pipe.

"I may continue smoking?"

"Yes—I like the smell of a pipe."

"You didn't just now."

Miss Bodeley sat down, and, leaning back, thoughtfully fingered the cloud of lace the artist had thrown across her shoulders. "Do you think some people grow up in a moment, as others grow old in a moment, and is it possible to change one's outlook on life in a moment?" she asked seriously.

Ferguson raised his eyebrows. This was indeed a strange way for a Social Success to talk.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

The Dresden china figure was beginning to enjoy what a moment ago she would have considered Ferguson's bad manners. "Only nineteen," she said slowly. "Of course, now you'll look upon me just as a child."

"I'm painting a woman of fifteen."

"That funny little thing with the monkey?" Miss Bodeley pursed up her lips. "Is she—I mean, do you——"

Ferguson nodded. "She is, and I do!"

Miss Bodeley laughed. "Oh, you are horrid! . . . Do you like living here and painting pictures? Isn't it dull sometimes?"

"Dull! Great Scott! I've been cold and I've been hungry and I've been bad-tempered—but I've very seldom been dull. And I'm—well, I'm nearer forty than nineteen. You ought not to know the meaning of the word."

Miss Bodeley folded her hands and nodded her head seriously several times. "I was bored after my fourth ball. Isn't it dreadful? I don't know what made me tell you—I've never told anyone before. Do you know, Mr. Ferguson, I am very often bored; I'm not pretending now, really! It's the fashion to be bored, but I don't want to be fashionable that way. I want just to be awfully happy, but, oh, sometimes it's so difficult!"

"Perhaps you wear too many clothes and eat too many meals?"

The Dresden china figure frowned, then shook her head. "I don't understand, and that sounds stupid; one's got to eat and one's got to dress, and I'm never bored with nice clothes—or only sometimes, when one has to dress to please other people, or to suit society or something. Now I suppose you wear what you like and do what you like; sleep where you like and—and paint whom you like?"

Ferguson shook his head. "I can't always paint what I like; when one's paid to paint pictures, one's got to do what one's told. That's dull."

Miss Bodeley rose. "Thanks; I thought you were bored yesterday when mother discussed my portrait; now I know. You didn't want to paint me! I wish I hadn't let you. I wish you hadn't begun"—she hesitated a moment—"though, after all, it doesn't matter; if you didn't paint me you would have to do someone else, wouldn't you?"

"At the present moment I am rather hard up," Ferguson admitted, with a dry laugh. "The light's going; do you think you could manage to pose for half an hour longer? I'll emulate the house painter and put on the first coating."

As the Dresden china figure jumped on to the throne there was a knock at the studio door, and Lady Bodeley entered, panting.

"My dear child, you're here! Mr. Ferguson, I am so sorry; I ought to have been here long ago, but something went wrong with the works—the motor, you know—went out of electricity or something, and I couldn't get a cab for a long time, and then it was the slowest horse I ever met. Of course, I intended to be here before my daughter arrived, but really it's most unfortunate."

Ferguson murmured something about an ill wind, then thought the proverb was not quite suitable, so he tried to assure Lady Bodeley that, though both he and her daughter had missed her presence, they had been perfectly happy, and done some excellent work together. Lady Bodeley still fussed, and the housekeeper, who had been warned, entered with afternoon tea. Ferguson stirred the fire and put the kettle on.

"My dear child, what *are* you doing up there?" Lady Bodeley cried, as soon as she had arranged herself in a chair and recovered her breath. "You haven't started, have you, Mr. Ferguson? Dear, dear! I told you, Christine, I wanted you to wear that little white frock and the pretty hat with roses in it, so girlish and simple. What's that extraordinary thing you've got around your shoulders? Where did you get it from?"

Miss Bodeley made violent grimaces at her mother. Ferguson was working hard with his brushes now, and the light was disappearing with startling rapidity.

"I think you'll find it will be all right, Lady Bodeley," he said, punctuating each word with a sweep of the brush. "Anyway, I'm afraid it's too late to change now."

Miss Bodeley applauded with her eyes.

"Oh, I am sorry!" Lady Bodeley cried. "Christine is so headstrong and foolish. But, of course, you know best, Mr. Ferguson. If you think it looks all right—well, I leave her entirely in your hands."

Ferguson sighed—not with regret now, rather with pleasure, though he was ashamed to confess it. He murmured Miss Bodeley's name softly to himself—"Christine!" And it might have been Florrie or Gertrude, Nancy, Mary, or Jane!

And she would be left in his hands.

He thought of Alf and Maggie, and sighed again. His hands were rather full already.

But Christine—the little piece of Dresden china—was rather a pleasant change in his studio. He had possessed and painted nearly everything but Dresden china.

He sighed again, and, throwing down his brushes, made the tea. "I've finished for to-day, but to-morrow, Miss Bodeley, at the same time I think!"

Forthwith Lady Bodeley commenced to make excuses. Apparently every day of the next week was full: luncheon here and dinner there, a soirée, or a theatre, for Christine must rest some time in the afternoon. Ferguson quite agreed that Christine should rest; but at the same time, if the portrait were to succeed she must sit regularly.

"My dear mother," Christine cried petulantly, "if you are so afraid of my being squashed to death by a motor or carried off by some daring brigand in a top hat and patent leather boots, Marie can bring me here and fetch me again. I'm sure you needn't bother to come every time. I expect Mr. Ferguson hates being watched—don't you, Mr. Ferguson?"

"It makes me horribly nervous," the artist replied under his breath, as he bent over the steaming kettle. "Why, when I was studying in Paris I always had to be shut up in a room by myself."

He wondered, as he poured the boiling water into the teapot, what they would have said to him at Braisans, in the Quartier Latin, if they had heard!

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Ferguson nodded. "I think we are," he said, remembering his luncheon.

When the Bodeleys had gone, Ferguson lit the lamp and looked at the canvas before covering it up. He was almost satisfied. It promised exceedingly well; he had worked with remarkable celerity, and if he could continue at the same pace he would earn his sixty guineas very quickly and be a rich man again—for a month or two.

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He shuddered, shut the window, drew the curtains, and made up the fire. The prospects of getting any money were remote, and so was dinner—without taking a great deal of trouble, and Ferguson hated trouble. And, moreover, he had worked exceedingly hard all day, and he was very tired and very sleepy, and—rather happy.

The Dresden china figure was certainly amusing. And Maggie—had possibilities. Maggie might develop into—anything.

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Once, when a neighbouring church clock noisily boomed the hour, he stirred and opened his eyes, and wondered that neither Alf nor Maggie had appeared. But he quickly slept again; he was very tired—and his dreams were very pleasant.

He was awakened for the second time by a loud and rather impatient knocking at his door. So they had returned at last, his grown-up children! Without moving from his seat, he rather impatiently bade them come in.

He heard the door open, the rustle of a skirt; being merely man, it was not suggested to him at once that Maggie's skirt could not rustle possibly. He yawned, and at last slowly turned his head. Then quickly started to his feet.

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"No."

The woman was ill at ease. By the kindly lamplight she still looked quite young, and she was decidedly pretty, in rather a blatant, bold way. Her red lips moved unsteadily, and she clasped and unclasped her hands nervously, in spite of her bold attitude and her bold eyes.

"No; I have come——"

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The woman laughed. "Oh, I'm not a *model!* No; I'm—I'm—I'm Ruby Druce, and I've come to see you about Maggie."

"Maggie——"

"Yes." The woman was gaining confidence. She threw back her head and looked Ferguson squarely in the face. "You know—she has been here—her mother was murdered. You know who did it, and I've come to know what you mean to do."

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RUSTIC (to conductor of tube railway): "Which end of the carriage do I get off?"

Conductor (politely): "Whichever end you prefer; both ends stop."

BREATHLESS HUNTER: "I say, boy, did you see a hare run by here?"

Boy: "Yes, sir."

Hunter: "How long ago?"

Boy: "I think it'll be three years next Christmas."

While there's life there's hope, so linger on till next week and look out for the footlines.

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THAT tobacco is smuggled is a matter of common knowledge. Likewise, spirits, and silks, and saccharin, and several other commodities. But human beings! The thing sounds absurd.

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And now it is Australia's turn. The Federal Government's Special Commissioner, who has been investigating the administration of the Immigration Restriction Law, has unearthed a vast conspiracy to smuggle Chinese and Japanese stowaways into Queensland.

Nor does he seem very hopeful about grappling successfully with the evil, if evil it be. The sugar planters of Queensland want the coolies, and are willing to pay heavily for each "indentured labourer"—who is virtually a slave for the time being—and to k no questions. And the Queensland coast abounds th inlets, and tiny, secluded harbours, into which, the old days, hundreds of cargoes of "contraband ckbirds" (coloured labourers kidnapped from the ynesian islands) were successfully run.

o the smuggling goes merrily on—as it does elsere where similar conditions have been artificially ted. It even exists, in a modified form, here in land, where, as is well known, agencies exist for ting destitute aliens to evade the law by lending em the five pounds necessary to ensure them admittance, exorbitant interest, of course, being charged.

TOO GENEROUS.

.y met in the street.

)o you remember me?"

Can't say that I do."

ll, just ten years ago to-night I asked you for h at this corner. You gave it to me. I went lit the match, accidentally burnt the house nd got £1,000 insurance. I am glad of an ty to reward you——"

—"

nother match."

THE WORLD'S COSTLIEST DOLL'S HOUSE.

THE news that the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Vanderbilt has just been presented, as a New Year's gift, with a doll's house costing £200, raises the question as to what constitutes the most expensive on record of these pretty toys.

The answer is probably that it was the one made to the order of the Empress Eugénie for her little god-daughter, Princess Ena of Battenberg, now Queen-Consort of Spain. It was an exact model to scale of the Tuileries, Her Majesty's old house in Paris, and was reported at the time to have cost nearly £1,000.

This unique model mansion, it may be mentioned, is still in existence, being carefully preserved under a glass shade in the Queen's private apartments at the Pardo Palace, Madrid

Another costly doll's house was that built some two or three years back for the young daughter of a well-known society lady by a London firm of model makers, and which attracted no little attention through being publicly exhibited at a toy show held on behalf of an East End charitable institution.

In this case only about £100 was expended upon the actual structure. But the accessories brought the total price up to nearly three times that amount.

Thirty guineas was the cost of the electric light installation. The drawing-room Axminster, specially designed and woven by a leading firm of carpet manufacturers, added on another twelve guineas. The kitchen range and a model electric cooking stove made of alluminium, with silver-gilt fittings, cost together £19; while other expensive items included a doll's Italian bedstead complete with curtains, £11 11s.; a doll's china dinner service of real blue-and-gold Worcester ware, £17 10s.; and an imitation Chippendale wardrobe, £21.

OLD LADY (to district visitor): "It's my 'ead that's been troublin' me so, miss, but the doctor, 'e says: 'You take these 'ere pills, and you'll soon shake it off.'"

CITIMAN: "Yes, she's married to a lawyer, and a good, honest fellow, too."

Subbubs: "Good gracious! Married to two different men! That's bigamy!"

FIRST WORKMAN: "Do you understand this question of capital and labour?"

Second Workman: "Well, it's this way. If you lent me ten pounds, that would be capital, and labour would be the trouble you would have in getting it back again."

HAS NIAGARA A RIVAL?

FROM time to time, during the past hundred years or more, the world has been startled by the news of discoveries, in various parts of the world, of mighty waterfalls that are alleged by their discoverers to rival or surpass Niagara in point of size and volume of water.

The latest "find" of the kind has been made in the hinterland of British Guiana by the late Dr. Carl Bovallius (curiously enough, the same cable that brought to England the news of his discovery brought also that of his untimely death), managing director of a rubber concern known as the New Essequebo Exploration Company.

The new giant cataract, which, by the bye, has been named Chamberlain Falls, after the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, is said to be 200 feet wide by 800 feet in height. This would make it about twice as high as Niagara, but rather less than one-eleventh as wide, and in no sense, therefore, can it be considered a rival, since in cataracts it is width, plus volume of water, that counts.

There are plenty of higher falls in the world than Niagara. Even British Guiana itself can boast of one, the Kaiteur to wit, which is 740 feet high. But, then, the volume of water flowing over it is comparatively insignificant.

The Yosemite Falls, in California, the highest in the world, descend 2,660 feet in what is practically one continuous leap. Yet the volume of water falling over them in a year, it has been computed, is considerably less than that flowing over Niagara in a single day.

And this same comparison holds good, in a slightly greater or less degree, with the other great cataracts of the world. Niagara, in short, has no rival, nor ever will have, in all human probability. The nearest to approach it are probably the Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi; but even these, although both higher and wider, are far less stupendous as regards the actual water fall.

DISAPPOINTED.

A FARMER'S son in the country conceived a desire to shine as a member of the legal profession, and undertook a clerkship in the office of the village lawyer at nothing a week. At the end of the first day's study he returned home.

"Well, John, how d'yer like the law?" asked his father.

"'Taint what it's cracked up to be," answered John. "I'm sorry I learnt it."

BILIOUSNESS

The way to cure biliousness and the ills that come of it is to set your liver in order, and your stomach too. And to do that you should take Mother Seigel's Syrup. This great medicine cures by natural means, and cures thoroughly. It acts directly on the stomach and liver, strengthens them, and makes them active. And thus it cures when other means fail hopelessly.

SICK HEADACHE AND

DIZZINESS

ARE CURED BY

"Whatever I ate lay on my chest like lead, and there was severe pain between my shoulders, with, sometimes, headache and sickness. But Mother Seigel's Syrup entirely cured me."—Mrs. Anderson, 13 Cleveland Street, Birkenhead. August 29th, 1907.

Mother SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared IN TABLET FORM and sold under the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets. Price 2/9—one size only.

COLEMAN'S

"WINCARNIS"

The Famous Wine Tonic.

RECOMMENDED BY OVER 8,000 DOCTORS.

HEALTH IN EVERY GLASS OF WINCARNIS.

TO RESIST INFLUENZA

Influenza usually commences with an indefinable preliminary stage, languor and lassitude, debility, want of appetite, shivering or chilly sensations, followed by alternating heat flushes, quickness of the pulse, great weakness, sinking sensations, headache, pains in the back and limbs, and general disturbance of most of the functions of the body. During this stage nothing can be done for the drooping patient, except to administer to personal comfort, keep warm, quiet, and free from all mental excitement, and above all maintain the strength by light, nourishing food, backed up by the sustaining invigoration of "Wincarnis," the delicious, soothing, and comforting wine tonic. When the influenza has passed and the patient feels as though he could sink through the floor, and prays to be left alone to give in and die, administer "Wincarnis" frequently in small doses.

SIMPLY DELICIOUS.

That's what everybody says after a free test of "Wincarnis." The most valued opinion of all comes from those who are prostrate after suffering from severe illness. That dreadful sense of extreme weakness, such as, for instance, supervenes after influenza, makes the poor victim wish to die.

But when "Wincarnis" is administered there's an immediate improvement. Every glass sends a feeling of comfort to every organ and they soon want to get well.

TO GET IT.

After free trial you can buy "Wincarnis" at any Wine Merchants', but only at those Chemists' and Grocers' holding wine licences. Beware of accepting imitations or suggested substitutes.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Send three penny stamps (with this Coupon) to pay cost of carriage to Coleman & Co. Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and you will get the wine tonic free of charge.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY," January 23 08

SEND COUPON TO COLEMAN & CO. LTD., WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.

little impolite. He laid down his charcoal, took the pipe from his mouth, and laid it down too; then, walking to the foot of the throne, his hands clasped behind his back, he looked up.

"I am so sorry! I think I warned Lady Bodeley I was not a fashionable portrait painter, and my manners, like my clothes, are Bohemian: both want mending, I know."

The face of the Dresden china figure grew scarlet. She had been on the point of hating Jim Ferguson, now she hated herself. If she could, she would have kicked herself; she even tried in a feeble way, but only hurt her ankle and nearly overbalanced. She told herself she was a horrid, nasty, ill-mannered little snob; and all the time Ferguson stood just below her, his hands clasped behind his back, looking up, smiling.

But though he smiled, there was just a suspicion of something in his eyes . . . the expression one might see in the eyes of a dog who has unexpectedly felt the whip. She looked at him, and her whole body grew as her face; and again she almost hated him for making her feel as no one else had ever made her feel.

There was no other way of explaining the emotions which she was undergoing; they were too vague and illusive. She, who had sailed through last season's drawing-rooms cool, calm, dignified, with a pretty touch of youthful pride, now found herself as embarrassed and awkward as a schoolgirl suddenly transferred from a country rectory to a London ballroom.

And it was this artist, with ragged clothes and ragged manners and a dirty briar pipe, who had robbed her of her self-possession.

"I hope you are not apologising; I was only joking," she stammered. The cloud disappeared, her eyes twinkled again, her lips parted.

"I think I ought to apologise," Ferguson replied, speaking seriously "And do you mind very much if I smoke whilst I work—it's easier somehow, and——"

His apology was uncompleted. Suddenly he dashed back to his easel, the pipe returned to his mouth and the charcoal to his fingers. "Don't move," he cried excitedly. "By jove, it's perfect! Don't move, for heaven's sake; I'll never forgive you if you do!"

He was working at what could only be described as break-neck speed. The charcoal snapped between his fingers; he took another. And in broad, bold, black lines an outline of the Dresden china figure appeared on the canvas. How strange are the ways of nature—for the social success was easier for the artist than the social tragedy had been!

Poor little Maggie Druce, with her tattered skirt, her torn blouse and shining shoulders, and her cotton stockings hanging untidily about her ankles, had caused him anguish of soul, much labour, and little result. The Honourable Miss Bodeley, in outline at any rate, sprang to life on the great canvas as at the touch of a magician's fingers.

He was surprised himself, not pleased. It was merely a commission, and the Bodeleys were paying him, not for art, but for a coloured photograph. He felt irritated that Fate should let him start successfully on a pot-boiler whilst she refused to help him in the work that was nearest his heart—and incidentally farthest from his stomach.

Miss Bodeley was watching him out of the corner of one eye with an amused smile, for in spite of himself Ferguson had grown enthusiastic over his social pot-boiler, and when he grew enthusiastic his clothes, his hair, and even his face suffered. His hair, though short and crisp, stood on end where he had run his fingers through it, and his fingers had left traces where the charcoal had broken and sooty marks upon his face. The fires were lit in his eyes; they were like the eyes of a soldier dashing into battle.

The Dresden china figure had held her tongue for a long time, and at last nature rebelled.

"I'm afraid I came dreadfully early, Mr. Ferguson," she said demurely, "and then I pretended to be offended because you—well, just because you behaved as you ought to have behaved to me."

"Really?"

"Yes. . . . I don't think I had better tell mother how long I've been here when she comes . . . she's so funny, you know."

"Yes, I know—mothers generally are."

Ferguson was growing very interested in Miss Bodeley, but not the least in her conversation; he only replied for fear of again being accused of impoliteness. Miss Bodeley realised this, and felt piqued, yet her soul was rather flattered at the keen excitement that possessed Ferguson and the enjoyment and passion with which he worked.

"I'm getting fearfully tired and awfully stiff, and one foot's fast asleep—can't I move?"

"No; one moment!" A final touch here and there—dust-cloth, charcoal, finger all at work; then Ferguson gave a boyish laugh of triumph, and, wiping the dust from his hands, helped Miss Bodeley from the model's throne.

"If the light only lasts, we'll throw some colour on to that this afternoon. I don't suppose you'll recognise yourself, it all looks so blurred; but it's—well, it's started very fairly; your pose was really excellent."

Miss Bodeley would again have gladly kicked herself, for she felt the colour mounting a second time to her cheeks. She was quite used to flattery, but she was not used to the truth—as the artist spoke it. She stood beside him, close beside him, and looked at the canvas. Certainly it did not convey much to her; she recognised herself looking rather distorted, something like a ghost who has lived through several London fogs. Nevertheless, she looked long and critically.

It was too early to judge the portrait, of course . . . yet, strangely enough, it was not too early to judge of Ferguson. Unconsciously she was paying more attention to him than to her portrait. She liked the pleasant, rather pungent scent of paint and tobacco smoke that surrounded him; it was queer, but it was fascinating. She liked his old clothes splashed with paint; she liked his absurd, crisp hair, which stood on end; she liked his determined jaws, and she came to the conclusion that his grey eyes were to be trusted, and that it would be quite unnecessary for her mother to chaperon her at sittings in the future.

"Well?"

Miss Bodeley started. Afraid to speak her thoughts aloud, she gave a foolish conventional reply—and continued to stare at the canvas. Ferguson yawned, stretched himself, and commenced to refill his pipe.

"I may continue smoking?"

"Yes—I like the smell of a pipe."

"You didn't just now."

Miss Bodeley sat down, and, leaning back, thoughtfully fingered the cloud of lace the artist had thrown across her shoulders. "Do you think some people grow up in a moment, as others grow old in a moment, and is it possible to change one's outlook on life in a moment?" she asked seriously.

Ferguson raised his eyebrows. This was indeed a strange way for a Social Success to talk.

"How old are you?" he asked abruptly.

The Dresden china figure was beginning to enjoy what a moment ago she would have considered Ferguson's bad manners. "Only nineteen," she said slowly. "Of course, now you'll look upon me just as a child."

"I'm painting a woman of fifteen."

"That funny little thing with the monkey?" Miss Bodeley pursed up her lips. "Is she—I mean, do you——"

Ferguson nodded. "She is, and I do!"

Miss Bodeley laughed. "Oh, you are horrid! . . . Do you like living here and painting pictures? Isn't it dull sometimes?"

"Dull! Great Scott! I've been cold and I've been hungry and I've been bad-tempered—but I've very seldom been dull. And I'm—well, *I'm* nearer forty than nineteen. You ought not to know the meaning of the word."

Miss Bodeley folded her hands and nodded her head seriously several times. "I was bored after my fourth ball. Isn't it dreadful? I don't know what made me tell you—I've never told anyone before. Do you know, Mr. Ferguson, I am very often bored; I'm not pretending now, really! It's the fashion to be bored, but I don't want to be fashionable that way. I want just to be awfully happy, but, oh, sometimes it's so difficult!"

"Perhaps you wear too many clothes and eat too many meals?"

The Dresden china figure frowned, then shook her head. "I don't understand, and that sounds stupid; one's got to eat and one's got to dress, and I'm never bored with nice clothes—or only sometimes, when one has to dress to please other people, or to suit society or something. Now I suppose you wear what you like and do what you like; sleep where you like and—and paint whom you like?"

Ferguson shook his head. "I can't always paint what I like; when one's paid to paint pictures, one's got to do what one's told. That's dull."

Miss Bodeley rose. "Thanks; I thought you were bored yesterday when mother discussed my portrait; now I know. You didn't want to paint me! I wish I hadn't let you. I wish you hadn't begun"—she hesitated a moment—"though, after all, it doesn't matter; if you didn't paint me you would have to do someone else, wouldn't you?"

"At the present moment I am rather hard up," Ferguson admitted, with a dry laugh. "The light's going; do you think you could manage to pose for half an hour longer? I'll emulate the house painter and put on the first coating."

As the Dresden china figure jumped on to the throne there was a knock at the studio door, and Lady Bodeley entered, panting.

"My dear child, you're here! Mr. Ferguson, I am so sorry; I ought to have been here long ago, but something went wrong with the works—the motor, you know—went out of electricity or something, and I couldn't get a cab for a long time, and then it was the slowest horse I ever met. Of course, I intended to be here before my daughter arrived, but really it's most unfortunate."

Ferguson murmured something about an ill wind, then thought the proverb was not quite suitable, so he tried to assure Lady Bodeley that, though both he and her daughter had missed her presence, they had been perfectly happy, and done some excellent work together. Lady Bodeley still fussed, and the housekeeper, who had been warned, entered with afternoon tea. Ferguson stirred the fire and put the kettle on.

"My dear child, what *are* you doing up there?" Lady Bodeley cried, as soon as she had arranged herself in a chair and recovered her breath. "You haven't started, have you, Mr. Ferguson? Dear, dear! I told you, Christine, I wanted you to wear that little white frock and the pretty hat with roses in it, so girlish and simple. What's that extraordinary thing you've got around your shoulders? Where did you get it from?"

Miss Bodeley made violent grimaces at her mother. Ferguson was working hard with his brushes now, and the light was disappearing with startling rapidity.

"I think you'll find it will be all right, Lady Bodeley," he said, punctuating each word with a sweep of the brush. "Anyway, I'm afraid it's too late to change now."

Miss Bodeley applauded with her eyes.

"Oh, I am sorry!" Lady Bodeley cried. "Christine is so headstrong and foolish. But, of course, you know best, Mr. Ferguson. If you think it looks all right—well, I leave her entirely in your hands."

Ferguson sighed—not with regret now, rather with pleasure, though he was ashamed to confess it. He murmured Miss Bodeley's name softly to himself—"Christine!" And it might have been Florrie or Gertrude, Nancy, Mary, or Jane!

And she would be left in his hands.

He thought of Alf and Maggie, and sighed again. His hands were rather full already.

But Christine—the little piece of Dresden china—was rather a pleasant change in his studio. He had possessed and painted nearly everything but Dresden china.

He sighed again, and, throwing down his brushes, made the tea. "I've finished for to-day, but to-morrow, Miss Bodeley, at the same time I think!"

Forthwith Lady Bodeley commenced to make excuses. Apparently every day of the next week was full: luncheon here and dinner there, a soirée, or a theatre, for Christine must rest some time in the afternoon. Ferguson quite agreed that Christine should rest; but at the same time, if the portrait were to succeed she must sit regularly.

"My dear mother," Christine cried petulantly, "if you are so afraid of my being squashed to death by a motor or carried off by some daring brigand in a top hat and patent leather boots, Marie can bring me here and fetch me again. I'm sure you needn't bother to come every time. I expect Mr. Ferguson hates being watched—don't you, Mr. Ferguson?"

"It makes me horribly nervous," the artist replied under his breath, as he bent over the steaming kettle. "Why, when I was studying in Paris I always had to be shut up in a room by myself."

He wondered, as he poured the boiling water into the teapot, what they would have said to him at Braisans, in the Quartier Latin, if they had heard!

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Ferguson nodded. "I think we are," he said, remembering his luncheon.

When the Bodeleys had gone, Ferguson lit the lamp and looked at the canvas before covering it up. He was almost satisfied. It promised exceedingly well; he had worked with remarkable celerity, and if he could continue at the same pace he would earn his sixty guineas very quickly and be a rich man again—for a month or two.

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"No."

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"Yes." The woman was gaining confidence. She threw back her head and looked Ferguson squarely in the face. "You know—she has been here—her mother was murdered. You know who did it, and I've come to know what you mean to do."

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Conductor (politely): "Whichever end you prefer; both ends stop."

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Boy: "Yes, sir."

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Chinese coolies have long been smuggled into the United States of America; mostly from Canada, or from "depôts" established on lonely islands along the Southern Californian coast, and the men engaged in the trade have reaped enormous profits.

And now it is Australia's turn. The Federal Government's Special Commissioner, who has been investigating the administration of the Immigration Restriction Law, has unearthed a vast conspiracy to smuggle Chinese and Japanese stowaways into Queensland.

Nor does he seem very hopeful about grappling successfully with the evil, if evil it be. The sugar planters of Queensland want the coolies, and are willing to pay heavily for each "indentured labourer"—who is virtually a slave for the time being—and to k no questions. And the Queensland coast abounds th inlets, and tiny, secluded harbours, into which, the old days, hundreds of cargoes of "contraband ckbirds" (coloured labourers kidnapped from the lynesian islands) were successfully run.

o the smuggling goes merrily on—as it does elsere where similar conditions have been artificially ted. It even exists, in a modified form, here in land, where, as is well known, agencies exist for ting destitute aliens to evade the law by lending em the five pounds necessary to ensure them admittance, exorbitant interest, of course, being charged.

TOO GENEROUS.

y met in the street.

o you remember me?"

Can't say that I do."

ll, just ten years ago to-night I asked you for h at this corner. You gave it to me. I went lit the match, accidentally burnt the house nd got £1,000 insurance. I am glad of an ty to reward you——"

—"

nother match."

THE WORLD'S COSTLIEST DOLL'S HOUSE.

THE news that the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Vanderbilt has just been presented, as a New Year's gift, with a doll's house costing £200, raises the question as to what constitutes the most expensive on record of these pretty toys.

The answer is probably that it was the one made to the order of the Empress Eugénie for her little god-daughter, Princess Ena of Battenberg, now Queen-Consort of Spain. It was an exact model to scale of the Tuileries, Her Majesty's old house in Paris, and was reported at the time to have cost nearly £1,000.

This unique model mansion, it may be mentioned, is still in existence, being carefully preserved under a glass shade in the Queen's private apartments at the Pardo Palace, Madrid

Another costly doll's house was that built some two or three years back for the young daughter of a well-known society lady by a London firm of model makers, and which attracted no little attention through being publicly exhibited at a toy show held on behalf of an East End charitable institution.

In this case only about £100 was expended upon the actual structure. But the accessories brought the total price up to nearly three times that amount.

Thirty guineas was the cost of the electric light installation. The drawing-room Axminster, specially designed and woven by a leading firm of carpet manufacturers, added on another twelve guineas. The kitchen range and a model electric cooking stove made of alluminium, with silver-gilt fittings, cost together £19; while other expensive items included a doll's Italian bedstead complete with curtains, £11 11s.; a doll's china dinner service of real blue-and-gold Worcester ware, £17 10s.; and an imitation Chippendale wardrobe, £21.

OLD LADY (to district visitor): "It's my 'ead that's been troublin' me so, miss, but the doctor, 'e says: 'You take these 'ere pills, and you'll soon shake it off.'"

CITIMAN: "Yes, she's married to a lawyer, and a good, honest fellow, too."

Subbubs: "Good gracious! Married to two different men! That's bigamy!"

FIRST WORKMAN: "Do you understand this question of capital and labour?"

Second Workman: "Well, it's this way. If you lent me ten pounds, that would be capital, and labour would be the trouble you would have in getting it back again."

HAS NIAGARA A RIVAL?

FROM time to time, during the past hundred years or more, the world has been startled by the news of discoveries, in various parts of the world, of mighty waterfalls that are alleged by their discoverers to rival or surpass Niagara in point of size and volume of water.

The latest "find" of the kind has been made in the hinterland of British Guiana by the late Dr. Carl Bovallius (curiously enough, the same cable that brought to England the news of his discovery brought also that of his untimely death), managing director of a rubber concern known as the New Essequebo Exploration Company.

The new giant cataract, which, by the bye, has been named Chamberlain Falls, after the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, is said to be 200 feet wide by 800 feet in height. This would make it about twice as high as Niagara, but rather less than one-eleventh as wide, and in no sense, therefore, can it be considered a rival, since in cataracts it is width, plus volume of water, that counts.

There are plenty of higher falls in the world than Niagara. Even British Guiana itself can boast of one, the Kaiteur to wit, which is 740 feet high. But, then, the volume of water flowing over it is comparatively insignificant.

The Yosemite Falls, in California, the highest in the world, descend 2,660 feet in what is practically one continuous leap. Yet the volume of water falling over them in a year, it has been computed, is considerably less than that flowing over Niagara in a single day.

And this same comparison holds good, in a slightly greater or less degree, with the other great cataracts of the world. Niagara, in short, has no rival, nor ever will have, in all human probability. The nearest to approach it are probably the Victoria Falls, on the Zambezi; but even these, although both higher and wider, are far less stupendous as regards the actual water fall.

DISAPPOINTED.

A FARMER'S son in the country conceived a desire to shine as a member of the legal profession, and undertook a clerkship in the office of the village lawyer at nothing a week. At the end of the first day's study he returned home.

"Well, John, how d'yer like the law?" asked his father.

"'Taint what it's cracked up to be," answered John. "I'm sorry I learnt it."

BILIOUSNESS

The way to cure biliousness and the ills that come of it is to set your liver in order, and your stomach too. And to do that you should take Mother Seigel's Syrup. This great medicine cures by natural means, and cures thoroughly. It acts directly on the stomach and liver, strengthens them, and makes them active. And thus it cures when other means fail hopelessly.

SICK HEADACHE AND

DIZZINESS

ARE CURED BY

"Whatever I ate lay on my chest like lead, and there was severe pain between my shoulders, with, sometimes, headache and sickness. But Mother Seigel's Syrup entirely cured me."—Mrs. Anderson, 13 Cleveland Street, Birkenhead. August 29th, 1907.

Mother SEIGEL'S SYRUP

Mother Seigel's Syrup is now also prepared IN TABLET FORM and sold under the name of Mother Seigel's Syrup Tablets. Price 2/9—one size only.

COLEMAN'S

"WINCARNIS"

The Famous Wine Tonic.

RECOMMENDED BY OVER 8,000 DOCTORS.

HEALTH IN EVERY GLASS OF WINCARNIS.

TO RESIST INFLUENZA

Influenza usually commences with an indefinable preliminary stage, languor and lassitude, debility, want of appetite, shivering or chilly sensations, followed by alternating heat flushes, quickness of the pulse, great weakness, sinking sensations, headache, pains in the back and limbs, and general disturbance of most of the functions of the body. During this stage nothing can be done for the drooping patient, except to administer to personal comfort, keep warm, quiet, and free from all mental excitement, and above all maintain the strength by light, nourishing food, backed up by the sustaining invigoration of "Wincarnis," the delicious, soothing, and comforting wine tonic. When the influenza has passed and the patient feels as though he could sink through the floor, and prays to be left alone to give in and die, administer "Wincarnis" frequently in small doses.

SIMPLY DELICIOUS.

That's what everybody says after a free test of "Wincarnis." The most valued opinion of all comes from those who are prostrate after suffering from severe illness. That dreadful sense of extreme weakness, such as, for instance, supervenes after influenza, makes the poor victim wish to die.

But when "Wincarnis" is administered there's an immediate improvement. Every glass sends a feeling of comfort to every organ and they soon want to get well.

TO GET IT.

After free trial you can buy "Wincarnis" at any Wine Merchants', but only at those Chemists' and Grocers' holding wine licences. Beware of accepting imitations or suggested substitutes.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Send three penny stamps (with this Coupon) to pay cost of carriage to Coleman & Co. Ltd., Wincarnis Works, Norwich, and you will get the wine tonic free of charge.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

"PEARSON'S WEEKLY," JANUARY 23 08

SEND COUPON TO COLEMAN & CO. LTD., WINCARNIS WORKS, NORWICH.

ON THE RACK.

By Our Own Inquisitor.

II.—Signor TITO MATTEI, the celebrated pianist, composer, and conductor.

[Despite over forty years of residence in England, Signor Mattei has never conquered the difficulties of our tongue, and so far as possible his stories are reproduced in his own delightfully quaint phraseology.]

TELL you some stories? What shall I talk about? Of how a little boy of twelve I play before the Pope—Pio Nono—who give me a great gold medal with his own hands, or of how, when I am even younger, I what you call "cheek" the great Lablache, the famous basso.

You would like to hear about Lablache. Good. I laugh even now when I think of it. Always I have the music in me—I was made a professor at the Santa Cecilia Academy, Rome, when I was eleven.

Well, one day Lablache came to our house, and my father want me to what you call "show off." He tell Lablache that I have a wonderful ear, and that I can tell at once any sound I hear. Lablache sing a note and say, "What that?" "Bah," I say, "it is nothing; it is out of tune." "What you mean," cry Lablache, "impertinent little boy." "It is a false note," I say. "What! you dare to tell me I sing false," shouted Lablache, very angry. "Yes," I say, "it is neither A flat nor A natural; it is a false note."

Lablache, he go to the piano and sing the note again. Then he strike A flat, then A natural, and then he turn to my father and say, "De little beggar was right. He is my master"

SONGS IN CIGARETTE SMOKE.

How do I compose my songs? Ah, how can I tell? They come to me anytimes, anywheres; they come to me in my dreams, in the street, in railway trains, in the smoke of my cigarette.

"Bianca" I compose in a railway train travelling from Hull. The ground was covered with snow, and that give me the idea, for "Bianca" means "white."

"Non è ver"? There is a story about that. I was staying at Privatelli's Hotel and in the morning I fall asleep. My friend, Caravoglia, came to see me at the hotel, and he come and wake me, and say I am a lazy, good-for-nothing. Get up, he must have music for his words at once written, and instantly I must compose the music. I sit down, and the same day the song is done.

Next morning I take it to a music publisher, and he ask how much I want. I say, "Thirty guineas." He look at it again and say, "Ah, Italian song. No good. I will give you sixpence a copy." I take sixpence a copy and make "a lot."

One of the most popular of my songs now? Ah, perhaps "Dear Heart," and I get him like this:

"ONLY ONE PRICE—FIFTY POUNDS."

One day I call on a small music publisher whom I know, and he show me the words of "Dear Heart," which he bought from Clifton Bingham, and I read it and like it. Without thinking, I sit down at the piano to compose. "Ah," cry my friend, "that is very good. Finish it." "Oh, it is nothing," I say, "I will take it away and see what I can do." Two or three days later I am at a big music publishers, and he ask me if I have anything new. I show him "Dear Heart," and play what I have written, and he is delighted. "I will have that," he say; "it will make furore."

"No," I say, "It is not mine. It belong to So-and-so."

"But I must have it," he say "you go and buy it from him. Offer him £30 for the words."

Well, I try to buy it, but my friend was what you call "up to snuff," and he refuse to sell. In the end I finish the music, and my friend sell afterwards "Dear Heart" for a big sum, and I get a good slice.

My "Valse"? Ah, yes, I can tell a story about that. I wrote it when I was only nine years old. When I come to England I offer it to a publisher.

"How much you want?" he ask.

"Fifty pounds," I say.

"Poof," he cry, "it is preposterous, we never pay such prices."

So I go away, and afterwards I write two or three little things for them at ten guineas a time.

Then one day they say to me, "How about this valse of yours. We want to buy him."

"Fifty pounds," I say. They storm and rage.

"No," I say, "it is my favourite child. Everybody like it when I play it. There is only one price—fifty pounds." Then they storm and rage some more, but at last they say, "Sixpence a copy." And, as I believe in my valse, I say, "All right." And so I do a good business.

Tito Mattei

DO BABIES FEEL THE COLD?

THE woman who, on being charged the other day before a magistrate with exposing her six-months-old child insufficiently clad to the recent severe weather, stoutly maintained that her baby "did not feel the cold," may, of course, have been altogether wrong in her contention, and in any case was most certainly far from being a model mother. But there is more in her statement, nevertheless, than might at first appear.

That very young children are not affected by extremes of temperature to the same extent as adults is a matter of common knowledge amongst ethnologists. Bancroft saw Comanche babies sleeping peacefully on the bare ground, their bodies quite nude, when the grass was covered with hoar frost; and most Arctic explorers have been struck with the hardiness of the young Eskimo children, who are accustomed to gambol naked in the snow-drifts.

Then, too, there is the almost inconceivable incident recorded by Ross, of an Inuit woman, who, in a temperature registering more than 40 degrees below zero, calmly withdrew her babe from her fur-lined hood, and held it towards him in a state of absolute nudity, her object evidently being to induce him to admire its fine proportions.

Cold such as this would sear an ordinary white adult's skin like the blast from a furnace, yet it seemed to have no appreciable ill-effect on the little hyperborean, who on the contrary crowed and kicked lustily, in evident delight, on being given a stick of frozen seal blubber to suck.

So perhaps, after all, there may be something to be said for those well-to-do, middle-class, British mothers who insist on leaving their children's arms and legs bare in all weathers, in order, as they say, to "harden them."

WHERE WAS TYBURN TREE?

THE Marble Arch improvement scheme, with its threatened removal of the historical Tyburn tablet, has revived interest in the old controversy as to the precise whereabouts of Tyburn Tree, the world's most famous gallows.

That it stood somewhere close to the Arch is, of course, beyond dispute. But as regards its exact position scarcely any two authorities are agreed.

The reason may be that the site of the gallows was changed from time to time, as different High Sheriffs directed. It is certain, for instance, that one did exist at one time where Connaught Place now is. And it is equally certain that that particular plot of ground was built upon at a date prior to the abolition of Tyburn proper, which took place in 1783.

Of course, the "tree" was not a real tree, but an artificial erection of three great wooden stilts, arranged tripod-wise. Beneath this the condemned was taken in a cart, which was rapidly driven away as soon as the noose was adjusted.

Sometimes, after a particularly heavy "gaol delivery" from the Old Bailey, as many as twelve and fifteen poor wretches would be thus "turned off" one after the other in the course of a single afternoon; and to see the show the people came in their thousands, surging along Holborn and up Oxford Street in a continuous living stream.

Other "entertainments" were provided for them, too, at times, beside hangings. There were, for instance, public whippings at the cart's tail, and many pillorying. And once, at all events, a lady of gentle birth—Mistress Elizabeth Gaunt—was here publicly burned alive, her "offence" being the sheltering of a person implicated in the Rye House Plot.

BOOKS BOOMED BY BOYCOTTS.

BECAUSE the latest novel of a popular and well-known English authoress has been boycotted by the good people of Boston, U.S.A., it is being sought after so eagerly in all the other towns and cities of America, that the publishers find themselves, for the time being, quite unable to meet the demand.

This is only what was to be expected, being quite in accordance with past experience. It was, for instance, the boycotting by Messrs. W. H. Smith of "Esther Waters," some years ago, which assured the immediate success of that clever story, and incidentally introduced Mr. George Moore and his work to tens of thousands of new readers.

Who, again, in this country, at all events, would ever have heard of, much less read, Lieutenant Bilse's "Life in a Garrison Town," had not the Kaiser's official boycott of the story caused it to become the talk of Europe? As a matter of fact, the novel, regarded simply as a novel, is of the most wishy-washy description. Yet it was translated into practically every European language, and its total sales exceeded two and a quarter million copies.

When Joseph Hatton first published in volume form his powerful story, "By Order of the Tsar," it attracted comparatively little attention. Then came the news that its circulation had been specially prohibited in Russia, and in almost next to no time at all fifteen large editions in English had been exhausted, while tens of thousands of copies of the Russian translation had been secretly smuggled into St. Petersburg, Moscow, Warsaw, Odessa, and other large towns, to be there disposed of at sums varying from £1 to £3 per volume.

QUEER FACTS OF HISTORY.

Little Incidents that were not in the School Book.

An Assault on Mr. Speaker.

THE sanctity of the Speaker is an inviolable law of Parliamentary England, yet once the necessities of the nation were so great that an "assault and battery" had to be made upon his sacred person.

It was in the third Parliament of Charles I. that the angry Commons framed their Petition of Rights. This cut at the very root of the King's prerogative, and among those in the House who opposed it was Mr. Speaker.

Upon Sir John Elliott moving its acceptance the Speaker essayed to leave the chair, which would, of course, have proved fatal to the Bill. But they were ready for him, and Hollis and Valentine seized him, one on each side, and literally held him in the chair until the formality of the reading was over.

So vital was the petition considered that Cromwell said in the Lobby afterwards, "Had we been defeated, I should have left England to-night."

What Napoleon Owed a Drummer Boy.

To André Etienne, Napoleon owed a debt he could never repay.

André was a drummer-boy at the battle of Arcola. The canal at Arcola was Napoleon's Rubicon, for there it was decided that he and he alone should rise to unparalleled power, the phœnix-bird from the ashes of the terrible Revolution. But he would not have won without André.

His troops were ragged, footsore, and half starved. The battle was going against them. All seemed lost. Suddenly André leapt into the canal, and, holding his drum above his head, swam across, and on the other bank beat an irresistible charge.

The French soldiers rallied, and in a few moments Napoleon's great victory was assured. Thus by this lad's heroism were the fruits of his genius brought within the reach of the World's Conqueror, for Arcola proved the turning point in his glittering career.

The Topsyturvydom of Religion.

At the opening of King Edward VII.'s first Parliament he had to repeat after the Lord Chancellor an oath which condemned, in almost brutal words, all things Papistical. Yet held aloft by a Protestant Peer for all Protestants to reverence was a veritable emblem of Papal Supremacy—a quaint little bonnet of crimson velvet turned up with ermine.

This is the Cap of Maintenance, and so sacred is it that no hands but Royalty may finger it. Thus the Premier Marquis, whose hereditary right it is to carry it, balanced it somewhat after the fashion of a conjurer, upon a white staff.

This cap was granted to Henry VIII. by Pope Leo X. In the Middle Ages it was held as symbolic of the Over-lord, only being granted to vassals and feudatories whom the lord wished to honour, so that it implies, as nothing else could, the supremacy of the Pope over the Kings of England.

Yorkshire Lads who Converted the World.

The Mission of St. Augustine is one of the most striking instances of vast results coming from trifles. Nothing in itself could be more trivial than the meeting of Gregory with the three Yorkshire boys in the slave market at Rome. Yet this sight roused in his mind a feeling which he never lost.

Unable himself to carry Christianity westward, he inspired the journey of St. Augustine. From Canterbury, the first English Christian city, from Kent, the first English Christian kingdom, arose the whole constitution of Church and State in England. As a direct consequence came the Christianity of Germany, then after a long interval, of North America.

And now the effect of those laddie's faces is reflected over the whole habitable globe.

A Window which Caused a War.

A terrible war was once caused by a window.

It was in the days when Louis XIV., "Le Grand Monarque," was dazzling Europe. His Minister, Louvois, was superintending on the King's behalf the building of the Palace of the Trianon in the park at Versailles. Louis inspected the buildings one afternoon and declared one of the windows to be out of shape and smaller than the rest. This Louvois denied, and the King had the window measured, with the result that he was proved to be right, and he openly, before all the Court, ridiculed Louvois.

But the Minister had his revenge; for with the angry ejaculation that "he would find better employment for a monarch than that of insulting his favourites," he embroiled France by his insolence in a quarrel with the Powers, which only ended years later in the Peace of Ryswick after a war which entailed the loss of many lives and the expenditure of large sums of money.

Churches have weddings, weddings have brides, brides have pages, pages have footlines. Look out for 'em next week.

THE FOOLISH SPECULATE BUT THE WISE INVEST. THIS ARTICLE DESCRIBES THE SAFEST AND MOST REMUNERATIVE INVESTMENTS IN THE WIDE WORLD OF FINANCE.

MONEY MAKING WITHOUT RISK.

Preachers and moralists call this a materialistic age. They call attention to the colossal fortunes piled up by kings of finance and industry within a single generation.

Everyone agrees that this eager pursuit for wealth is somehow related to speculative methods in business.

The great stock and produce exchanges in every big city are centres of financial speculation. The quotations and fluctuations and stock are published in all the newspapers. Farmers in distant country towns, ministers, often women, watch these quotations, telegraph orders to their brokers, and lie awake at night in alternate hope and fear.

Periods of panic sweep like storms over the markets, new deals are made, and fortunes are won or lost in a day. Tragedies, suicides, nervous prostration, and insanity follow these speculative fluctuations of value in the staples and wealth of the world.

Such is the terrible picture of the modern rush for wealth pictured by an American writer in the "Atlantic Monthly," in a trenchant article on "the echo of speculation." It is a new picture almost too horrible to gaze upon, and the whole article depicts with pulsant pen, the terrible risks incurred by those who seek money through speculation, or mere "gambling." Whether it be on the Bourse or on the racecourse, in the card-room or on the Exchange, there is not a pin-point of false colour in the picture. The result is always the same, the simple-minded many who dabble in speculative risks are invariably the victims of the astute and prescient few. Speculation is a business between hawks and doves, sharps and flats, and the result is always the same.

Men Who Sleep O' Nights.

How different is it however with the man who, wisely counselled, is content to invest his little-all in some safe and remunerative security which the despoiler cannot touch, who goes to bed of nights calmly assured of the safety both of his capital and interest, knowing that his monetary transactions entail neither risk to himself nor injury to his fellow-men. Let those who like to take wildly improbable chances, he, "good easy man," prefers something more stable, more secure. And so, while the gamblers anxiously watch the tape machine or feverishly study the newspapers, he enjoys himself at home.

The almost criminal folly which some display in sinking their hard-earned savings in wild-cat schemes, formulated in the brains of unscrupulous adventurers, is pathetic to those who are familiar with the many well-secured investments now offered, many of which carry with them unique and numerous opportunities of amazing wealth. To-day, for instance, the man with a little capital at his command can become a holder of the stock of the City of Paris, or Brussels, Antwerp, Liège, and many other great Continental cities, with his original capital fully secured upon the rates and revenues of those cities, with fairly liberal dividends, and with remarkable opportunities of receiving a cash bonus that may vary in amount from £40 to £16. To the English investor this may almost sound incredible, but every Continental artisan is fully cognisant of the fact, and nearly every Continental workman one meets is a holder of municipal stock under this system, which is known as the Premium Bond System.

British Money in Foreign Bonds.

As the method of investing small sums of money—from £5 to £25—becomes more widely known in this country, it is gradually ousting the old-style savings bank and insurance systems, and is also largely affecting all English securities. The British workman and the British middle-classes are beginning to realise that these securities give them greater opportunities of becoming rich (or, at least, of securing the best value for their money), than anything they have yet known. And so the amount of British money now invested in Continental securities is greater than ever it has been before.

Supposing, for instance, you take one of the Belgian Government Bonds at £8—and these can, if necessary, be purchased on the instalment system at the small rate of 2s. 6d. per week. Now this Bond has a par value of £16, and will be redeemed by the Belgian Government at that price, so that the investor has a Government guarantee of receiving interest on his money at the rate of 100 per cent.

The credit of popularising these valuable securities with the British public belongs to the International Securities Syndicate, 397 Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W., and their Blue Book on the subject describes the whole system in detail, so that a mere schoolboy can understand how this system of investment can offer such splendid opportunities without risk. It tells how a £5 note well invested may lead to a fortune, with a fair annual dividend fully secured, and no chance at any time of your original capital being lost. It shows you how you can purchase these securities on the easy payment system for as little as 2s. 6d. per week. It is beautifully produced, and illustrated with numerous photographic reproductions of the most interesting character. In short, it is a book that ought to be in the possession of every one anxious to save and invest money without any element of risk.

SOME OF FORTUNE'S FAVOURITES.

Mrs. Savage, a Southend lady, received a bonus of	£40,000
M. Gazel, a mechanic, received a cheque for	£20,000
Madame Le Roux, a widow, received	£4,000
A Moravian convict received ...	£2,083
Four Platelayers received	£4,000
A Cigar Dealer received	£3,000
A Porter Received	£10,000
A Road Sweeper received	£4,000
A Plumber received	£4,000

and

M. Cambus, of Rheims, received £4,000 as the holder of a Paris City Bond, and another £8,000 as the holder of Crédit Foncier Debenture.

Worth Its Weight in Gold.

The book which was originally published at a shilling, is worth its weight in gold to a small capitalist, but as the International Securities Syndicate are anxious to still further popularise the Premium Bond in this country, the management have decided to send the book free of all cost to every reader of *Pearson's Weekly* who fills in the form appearing at the bottom of this page, and posts it to The Secretary, International Securities Syndicate, 397 Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W. Immediate application will ensure against disappointment, as only a limited free edition has been printed.

The mere acceptance of a gift copy of this Blue Book, it should be remembered, does not bind you to any further action, unless your own intelligence prompts you to do so. That is a question which the publishers allow you to decide for yourself. But, in the meantime, the gist of the Premium Bond advantages may be tabulated as follows:

(1) Your Capital can Never be Lost.
(2) Your Interest is Guaranteed.
(3) You have many Opportunities Every Year of receiving a Cash Bonus of from £40,000, to £16.
(4) The Bond will be ultimately redeemed by the Government or City that issued it.
(5) The redeemable value of the Bond is in some cases twice the original value.
(6) If necessary, you can become a Bondholder at the rate of 2s. 6d. per week.
(7) The payment of the first instalment entitles you to participate in full privileges.
(8) You conduct all your business through an English firm, so that no legal troubles may be anticipated.

No English securities offer so many advantages, and the whole system is a testimony to the financial genius of the French race, who first formulated and carried it into practice. Look where you may, no better opportunity for the investment of small amounts of money can be found.

READ THESE CONDITIONS CAREFULLY.

Special Notice to *Pearson's Weekly* Readers.

An investment in any of these Government or Municipal securities is not a lottery. It is a Government or Municipal insured investment, with the additional prospect of receiving a bonus of from £20,000 to £40.

You transact your business through the medium of an English firm, which first of all sends you a free book containing full information about the nature of the various methods of investment.

You must address your letter of application for the free Blue Book to the International Securities Syndicate, 397 Westminster Palace Gardens, Victoria Street, London, S.W., with the words "Blue Book" on the left-hand corner. This book, apart from its value as a guide to the best securities in the world, is a veritable art album, printed on beautiful superfine art paper, and containing photographic views of the chief towns and cities of the world.

In making application, please state in conjunction with your signature, whether Mr., Mrs., Rev., or Doctor, or any professional prefix or affix to your name.

State distinctly that you saw this article in the columns of PEARSON'S WEEKLY, as this particular offer applies to PEARSON'S WEEKLY reader's only.

Finally, bear in mind that no postage need be sent to defray the return carriage of the Blue Book to your address.

ADVT.

MONKEY BRAND

which is easily applied, works wonders speedily. Tin, at its touch, shines as silver, and copper as gold; windows and lamp-globes become sparkling as crystal, and the sheen of marble appears on plates and dishes.

FOR A THOUSAND HOUSEHOLD USES.

Won't Wash Clothes

LEVER BROTHERS, LIMITED, PORT SUNLIGHT, ENGLAND.

MADAME,

Can You Answer these Questions?

If you have a Clumsy Waist, How should you Dress?

If you are Stout, What are the Best Materials and Colours for you?

If you have Grey Hair, What is the Best Shade for you?

What Colour ought you to Wear if your Complexion is Pale?

What Type of Woman should Wear White, Mauve, Pink, Blue?

How should the Business Girl Dress?

If you are Thin, should you defy Convention and Wear High-Necked Evening Gowns?

Should you Seek the "Latest Thing" in Fashions?

How should you Dress if of Modest Means?

When should you wear Elbow Sleeves

M. Jean Worth has never before written for any periodical.

IF NOT, you must read

WOMAN AND DRESS

BY WORTH

(The Great Paris Costumier).

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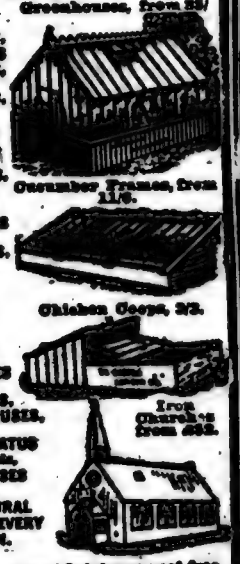

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YOU MUST SEE PAGE 523.

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THE DANGER

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SERIAL STORY.

The House of Rimmon.

By JOHN K. PROTHERO, Author of "In the Grip of Fate."

CHAPTER EIGHTEEN.

"I Looked For Back Into Other Years."

NATT departed ill at ease. His was a mercurial temperament, and he regarded Sir Douglas as a god. Now, for the first time, faith in his chief was shaken. The danger to the gang was imminent. If Nan recognised Sir Douglas, while in Stuart's employ, the game was up. Stebbing had argued, and Natt had agreed with him, that it was running an unnecessary risk to leave the solicitor at large. With the removal of Stuart, Nan's importance was minimised. He chafed at the inaction the master imposed. Stebbing had hinted that the baronet was weakening, that he feared the lawyer and wanted to make terms; in his heart, Natt scouted the notion, but it influenced him none the less. Nan was obstinate and would have to be punished; but being his sister, and albeit a useful one, he did not wish her to die.

In the event of Sir Douglas reaping the fruits of his temerity, in a recognition by Nan, how could he guard her from the vengeance of Blythe's followers?

The baronet had said he could not plead for her; but if he did, if he raised his voice in her defence, even at their worst the gang would hearken.

Natt stopped short on the brink of a daring thought. How if he should forge a weapon which should force Sir Douglas to spare her life? Not that he would or could use it against his master. He would use it only as a shield for Nan; to her benefit, not to the baronet's despite.

The master came first; he always must come first. Even so, a man must needs fight for his own flesh and blood.

He went to his lodgings, and, after deep thought, wrote and dispatched a note. It was addressed to none other than Miss Betty Rendle.

* * * *

Betty Rendle sat before her glass surveying herself intently; her skin was yellow, her eyes dull. She frowned and tried the effect of powder, applied a little rouge, then pushed the silver boxes impatiently away.

"I shan't go out this evening, Cerise," she said irritably; "I look an utter wreck. Telephone to Lady Bland and tell her I'm in bed with a racking headache. I shan't want you any more this evening. No, I'm not coming down to dinner. Primm can send me up some food later on."

Cerise obediently retired. Betty left alone, switched off the light and flung herself upon the bed, staring with dull eyes upon the ceiling, upon the dead white surface glassing in the firelight. Imagination painted in vivid life-like colours scenes from the past.

Her will was impotent to stay the procession of the magic, mocking pictures. Memory plays strange tricks with all of us at times. The brain, a faithful servant to the will for the most part, occasionally becomes a ruthless master.

Betty, her doll eyes staring upward, saw herself a schoolgirl of fifteen; the grey walls of the Breton convent set in a garden of sweet-smelling flowers again incircled her impatient and tempestuous youth. How she had loathed the routine and the monotony, rebelling against the even tenour of her days. Aunt Rosalie had been responsible for placing her under the care of the quiet Sisters of the Cross. Betty's own parents had died when she was but a little child. Sir Douglas and his wife had adopted her. Rosalie, seeking to check the worldly spirit even then developed in the girl, the love of glitter and excitement, had sent her to the convent.

But the craving for excitement could not so easily be quelled. A born gambler, she had found an outlet for her restless spirit in playing at cards.

One summer holiday she learnt by chance the rules of baccarat, and returned to the convent full of her knowledge. She saw herself the centre of a group of girls, explaining to them the mysteries and the charms of the game. They had met in her room for the initiation. Against the cold walls, the nun-like severity of the cell—for it was little more—the red splashes on the cards twinkled wickedly in the faint light of the candles.

One girl she had remembered had protested against playing for money. She did not mind disobeying the convent rules; it was romantic if wilful to steal like ghosts along the darkened corridors, when the hard-working sisters thought them sound asleep in bed, to the midnight *rendezvous*. But to play for money, to stake one's trinkets when money was at an end, to give I O U's mortgaging one's pocket-money in advance, the girl, a sturdy English maiden of some sixteen summers, declared "wasn't cricket!"

Betty had routed her completely, held up her scruples to derision, mocked her out of court. It became the fashion for the elder girls to play most nights in Betty's domain, where they lost and won with the hardihood of society women.

The habit formed at school became a passion. Launched into society at eighteen, Betty attended card-parties held secretly and to which only women were admitted. She was a clever intriguante; neither Sir Douglas nor her aunt had any suspicion of her penchant for the tables.

The picture on the ceiling changed; the scene was shifted from her school-days, memory dexterously painted her at nineteen. She was at a fishing village in Cornwall, sent down from London with her aunt to recuperate after the fatigues of a London season. A beautiful spot where the sea, blue as a turquoise, glinted in the sunshine, or dashed in foaming fury fiercely against the huge granite cliffs. A beautiful spot, but to Betty the tale it told was empty of concern.

Deprived of the excitement of the cards, she indulged in the sport of flirtation. The ordinary young man of her class had no attraction for her; she yearned for an adventurous, masterful lover, with all the ignorance and romance of youth. Rosalie's continued ill-health left her free to roam about the country at her will. During her rambles she encountered more than once a tall, fine-looking sailor lad, with a bronzed face, about her own age; he looked his admiration, and, pining for excitement, Betty did not snub him too severely when, with astounding audacity, he joined her one evening in a stroll along the shore.

He was waiting, he explained, for his ship to finish loading, when he would sail for Australia. The fact that he was so soon leaving England made Betty careless. He amused her, his fierce jealousy, his rough wooing thrilled her; she was still sufficiently primitive in her emotions to respond to barbaric love-making. He had kissed her before she knew what had happened, and laughed at her rebuke.

And then an unlooked-for complication ensued; there came down to a smart house in the neighbourhood some of Betty's special cronies. Rosalie, glad for the girl to have the companionship of young people, consented to her joining the house party. High play was the result. Betty's luck utterly forsook her; she found herself at the end of a week beggared of her ready cash, with her dress allowance for a twelvemonth mortgaged, and such jewellery as she had with her disposed of. Worse than all, she owed a German Jewess—a rancous woman with a strong accent and a plebeian soul—fifty pounds. The Jewess, with an eye to business, declined to accept an I O U, and threatened if she did not receive the money in three days she would apply to Sir Douglas.

Betty realised what the result of such an application would be; her uncle would pay the money, probably without saying a word to her about it. But imperceptibly she would find her liberty curtailed; the lawless freedom she had enjoyed would be lost, the midnight card-parties she had attended, with Cerise's connivance, would be forbidden.

She returned to the fishing village distraught with fear. She could not borrow from Rosalie; her quarter's dress allowance—a very liberal one—had only just been paid, and her aunt's suspicions would at once be roused by an application for money. Worn out with want of sleep, dread, and anxiety, in an evil moment she encountered her sailor sweetheart. Her weakness was his opportunity; he loved her in his own fashion, and his ambition was touched by the thought of marrying a lady. He did not know she was the baronet's niece. She had explained with native cunning she was Lady Blythe's companion. Even so, her dainty frocks and hats appealed to his imagination. She sobbed out the story of her gaming debt; he vowed he would give her the money if she would be his wife. Swept off her feet by his rough and impetuous wooing, eager for the means to pay the Jewess, above all trusting in the luck of the gambler to surmount any difficulties a clandestine marriage would entail, she consented.

He handed her the money; she married him one morning early in a little chapel hidden among the hills, and, three hours after, he set sail for Australia. Six months later she read the news of the foundering of the ship with all her crew. Her husband of a day went from her mind.

The next four years had been spent in the feverish pursuit of pleasure. She had made and lost large sums, and had established an unenviable reputation for a hard-hearted and relentless gamester. And then a miracle had come to pass. Betty, the fashionable woman of the world, the brilliant, fascinating creature, who had refused offer upon offer, fell head over ears in love with Jerry Redvers, a charming but penniless young man.

He was mighty fastidious in his taste was Jerry, and had a horror of the modern society woman. He would have shrunk back appalled at the thought of Betty watching with haggard eyes the fall of the card that would spell gain or loss.

This she realised to the full; but the new passion could not crush the old. She continued to play, and, on the very night that he proposed, had held a card party in her room. And the gold necklet had been part of her winnings. A young Frenchwoman had staked and lost the beads. They were, she had explained, a gift from her husband whom she was joining in France; she was leaving England the next day. Betty, with a sudden gush of softer feeling had determined to send back the beads; she left her bedroom when the house was quiet, and stole softly down the stairs towards the morning room to find a box in which to pack them.

So far, Betty had lain quiet upon her bed, while the panorama of the past unrolled itself before her; now, with panting breath, she started to her feet.

"No, no," she cried, struggling against the force that impelled her to review the scene that followed; step by step imagination forced her to retrace that fatal evening.

Again she stands at her bedroom door, light-hearted, joyous, confessing to Sir Douglas she is engaged to Jerry.

Again, the beads about her throat, she steals downstairs, pausing by some fatal impulse outside her uncle's den. Her clever fingers had long ago discovered the trick of the lock; she longs with impish curiosity to peep into the room. A sudden noise inside, the heavy breathing of a man, quickens her intention. She opens the door, switches on the light. And then—and then——

She stands again upon the threshold of the room, her body frozen, inanimate; the warm blood of her heart congealed. In the drunken log upon the sofa she has recognised her husband! Her husband—while he lives she cannot marry Jerry!

Her fingers clutch at her throat mechanically stifling her scream; the string of beads breaks at the strain, and fall upon the floor. She leaves them there, hurrying with a fearful haste down the corridor to where the sharp, keen knife is hanging on the wall.

There is a blood red mist before her eyes. Her heart beats like the throbbing of an engine. She is back again beside the sleeping man; and then—and then——

With a scream she threw herself on her knees beside the bed; she dared not remember, she dared not recall what had happened next. A merciful blank descended on her, she moaned and shivered in the darkness.

The next picture showed the beads all gathered up save one, herself in stealthy flight back to her room. She had managed cleverly; no trace had she left, no clue. Suspicion could never have fallen on her but for the diabolical ingenuity of Sir Douglas.

She had disposed of the necklet next morning by a trusty messenger. She had regained the bead; these same clever fingers of hers had abstracted the baronet's keys and taken a wax impression of the one she wanted. She had regained the bead, and then by her own foolishness and cowardice lost it.

How much did her uncle know? What did he guess?

She staggered to her feet, and unlocking her wardrobe, took out a bottle of chloral. She took a liberal dose, and under the influence of the sedative her nerves grew calm. She was able to take a quieter, more hopeful view of things in an hour's time. Everything was not yet lost; her passion for gaming was still undiscovered. She had used her uncle's accusation of a midnight meeting with a blackmailer in her own defence. She had attended a card party the night Sir Douglas had interviewed her. True, the defence had cost her dear; she had destroyed her winnings—some hundreds of pounds in money and I O U's—even so the loss was preferable to jeopardising the discovery of her secret sin.

Her uncle's lips would be closed also as to her knowledge of Brettal; he would not give her away to Jerry on that point. As to the murder—she shuddered and poured out another dose of chloral—he could not hint as to that without incriminating himself. After all, she was but the prey to nervous imaginings. Brettal was dead—a shudder swept over her—the necklet was disposed of, the bead in her uncle's possession. He was forced for his own sake to be her ally.

Jerry would never know of the hidden chapters of her life. He would never suspect the fierce passion that filled her veins. She would marry him, and in his love find strength and master the demon of play.

She had been foolish to alarm herself; there was no chance of discovery. The silence of the man who might have harmed her, the messenger who had disposed of the necklet, was assured, he dared not say what he knew, she had found means to seal his lips.

No, she was safe, safe in Jerry's love. She wept a little and vowed she would not touch a card once she was Jerry's wife. His wife, her quick brain conjured up the picture of his dear face close to hers, his strong arms clasped about her. She was thrilled with ecstasy.

There came a sudden knocking at the door, hasty and impatient. Cerise was waiting with a letter; it had come by express, and the writing on the envelope was unknown to her.

She tore it open; the message it contained was sharp and short.

"You must meet me to-morrow night at the Achilles statue an hour after midnight. Your presence is imperative. If you fail you will meet with no mercy from

"The man who sold the beads."

CHAPTER NINETEEN.

In the Shadow of Achilles.

THE night was warm, stirred by a tiny breeze that ruffled the branches of the trees, and sent the fragrance of the limes abroad. Beneath the young moon, Hyde Park, in its delicate veil of faint grey mist, was a land of mystery and enchantment.

The voices of the City, muffled with nightfall, sounded hoarsely in the distance; the lamps down Piccadilly gleamed through the haze as the lights of a distant shore far from the scented darkness of the Park. Up and down before the statue of Achilles, with a swinging step, Natt Drake paced impatiently.

He had come to the *rendezvous* in a depressed and dubious state of mind. Stebbing had not been idle; he had watered the seeds of doubt and suspicion implanted in Natt's mind against Sir Douglas, had dropped hints that the chief discounted the young man's courage and sagacity, and skilfully fed the flame of Natt's dissatisfaction. A letter from the baronet inclosing a handsome cheque and the suggestion that Natt should take Nan for a long holiday did not mend matters.

The letter was a generous one; the baronet further intimated that if it so pleased Natt he was free to leave England and bid farewell to the past—in this suggestion the young man read a veiled contempt. Not for a moment did he contemplate altering his mode of life. He was possessed of extravagant tastes; he had not saved much from his illicit gains, and the prospect of a return to the small wage due to honesty appalled him. His pride notwithstanding, a holiday was not to be despised. He wrote to Nan again, suggesting a month in Paris. Her refusal angered him, and further fed his irritation against Blythe. He felt he was ill-used, and that Sir Douglas did not appreciate him.

To and fro he paced, grinding the gravel of the path beneath his impatient heel, anathematising the lack of punctuality in woman; cursing his folly for waiting so long.

And then, just as he was about to give up all hope of seeing her, he caught sight of a slender figure moving

(*Continued on page 522.*)

Turn over a new leaf next week and read the footline that will appear on this page.

THINGS A WOMAN WANTS TO KNOW . . .

HOME NOTES PAGE.

CONDUCTED BY ISOBEL . . .

SOME DAINTY DISHES.

Cassell Pudding.

Take the weight of two eggs in butter, caster sugar, and flour. Cream the butter and sugar, add the well-beaten eggs, and, lastly, the flour. Flavour with a little grated lemon rind. Bake in buttered cups or moulds. Turn out and serve with wine or sweet sauce.

Devonshire Cream.

Stand new milk all night, then, without disturbing the cream, lift it gently in the vessel it was set in, on to the fire and leave it there until a thick skin forms and it is just on the boil, remove the pan carefully, stand in a cool place until the next morning then skim. —(*Reply to* GOANGELINE.)

Boiled Turkey

Is superior to the ordinary roast bird. Take a medium-sized turkey and stuff it with veal forcemeat, to which is added a good quantity of chopped boiled tongue. Bind the bird firmly with tape that it may retain its shape. Place the turkey breast downwards in hot water, let it come to the boil, skim it thoroughly, and boil gently for one and a half to two hours, according to the size. Serve with a coating of white sauce and garnish with sausages.

Pork Pies.

Make a short crust with three quarters of a pound of flour and six ounces of lard. Knead into a stiff dough with cold water. Roll out the pastry about a quarter of an inch thick, line the tins with it, and fill them with the pork, prepared thus: Cut up a pound of pork, fat and lean, in small square pieces, season with a teaspoonful of salt, half a teaspoonful of pepper and the same of allspice. Cover the pies with paste, wet the edges, and press firmly together. Ornament the top and make a hole in the centre. Brush over with egg, and bake in a moderate oven.—(*Reply to* MALTESE READER.)

Jugged Hare.

Cut up the hare, flour it well, and fry in dripping; fry also one pound of shin of beef cut into square pieces. Place the beef and hare when fried a good brown into a stewing jar with an onion stuck with cloves and a bay leaf; add pepper and salt, and cover with water. Place the jar on the stove, or in a saucepan of boiling water, and cook slowly for about three hours. Make some balls of veal forcemeat, adding the liver of the hare finely chopped. Fry or bake these, and add to the hare half an hour before it is dished up. Thicken the gravy, and colour a good brown after the meat has been placed on a hot dish for serving.—(*Reply to* WOOD GREEN.)

A BLOUSE WITH POSSIBILITIES.

POSSIBILITIES do indeed confront one at every turn where this pretty blouse—No. 17609—is concerned, for one can hardly mention a single material unsuitable for the making of it, while your practical eye is certain to see at once how a blouse of this kind may be made partly from old stuff. In short it is a pinafore blouse and quite the best way of making it would be in two parts—one, a guimpe (or half-depth bodice-lining) upon which the lace vest and sleeves are mounted; the other being a kind of sleeveless coat (also mounted on a fitted foundation lining) which is slipped on after the guimpe has been donned.

No. 17609, Paper pattern, 6½d., post free from Pattern Department, Pearson's Buildings, Henrietta St., London, W.C.

Imagine this blouse is hopsack or alpaca, pinch-tucked all over, and with a guimpe bearing sleeves to match. You are not bound to wear that particular guimpe every time, for the sleeveless coat will do duty over existing blouses, concealing, if needs be, in the most cunning way the worn under-arm.

To make the entire blouse, sleeves and all, two and a quarter yards of 42-inch stuff will be required, three-quarters of a yard of velveteen being needed for the collar and armhole trimming. The latter must inevitably have a tiny join near one end since its total length exceeds the usual width of velveteen, but occurring, as it does, beneath the arm the seam will certainly escape notice. Separate patterns of the right and left fronts and right and left halves of collar are provided, as these differ slightly and do not really overlap in the manner suggested in the sketch.

UNPOPULAR WOMEN.

As a rule, the unpopularity of women is a verdict pronounced upon them by their own sex. Men proverbially make the best of women; if there is anything pleasant to be said about them they say it, and "a handful of good looks" weighs greatly in a woman's favour from a man's point of view.

A woman must be very stupid, dull, disagreeable, and plain before a man will boldly confess that he "can't get on with her."

Unpopularity is derived from various sources. A woman may be piquante, pretty, and pleasant; she may live in good style and do all that fashionable women do in the way of society engagements, and yet be extremely unpopular with both men and women.

Her women friends are afraid of her, and her men friends never feel sure of her because her perceptions of the foibles and weaknesses of her friends are so keen and so little tempered by genuine good nature that no one escapes from the sting made by her apparently innocent remarks.

Another type of the unpopular woman is the one with a chilling manner and standoffish demeanour, who, when she would thaw, cannot do so with any graciousness; though really kindhearted and duty-loving, she is as unpopular as a woman can well be.

A brusque manner renders a woman unpopular until her friends know her well. But acquaintances seldom get as far as this; therefore, to the end of the chapter she remains the brusque, unpopular woman still.

Egotism is a formidable barrier to popularity. Women of this type are agreeable only so far as the topics of conversation concern themselves, their aims, interests, and amusements.

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

Dissolved Butter

Is a very good substitute for olive oil in salad dressing. Many prefer the butter to oil.

Eels

Must be eaten very fresh to be perfect. They should be killed just before cooking.

When Starching Holland Pinafores,

If a little tea is put into the starch used, they will keep their colour, instead of getting that faded appearance we all know so well.

Uncooked Meat,

Should always hang from hooks in the larder. Do not lay it on dishes. Wrap bacon and ham in a grease-proof paper and keep in the same way.

Grease Stains on Leather

May be removed by carefully applying benzine or perfectly pure turpentine. Wash the spots over afterwards with well-beaten white of an egg or a good leather reviver.

To Stop Bleeding.

If the bleeding is severe, and comes in jerks, it is probably a severed artery. The limb should be bound tightly between the wound and the heart. Apply cold water and secure the service of the doctor as soon as possible.

Air in the Nursery.

Pure air is essential to the good health and well being of children, so make a rule that whenever a child is out of the nursery, that the windows be thrown open wide top and bottom, so that the room may be properly ventilated. A child should also sleep with the window open a very little even in winter.

To Cure Herrings

Proceed as follows. The fish, having been spread out on a floor, are sprinkled with salt. They are then washed in large vats and afterwards threaded through the gills on long splits holding two or three dozen. These are hung in the smoking barrel or room, where fires of oak boughs are kept smouldering. In about twenty-four hours the fish will be sufficiently smoked.—(*Reply to* PLUMSTEAD.)

Your Tapestry Curtains

May wash in a lather of boiled shredded soap and soft water, if dried at once between cloths, but I should prefer cleaning them with petrol if they were mine. Put the curtain into petrol and rub well, especially in dirty parts, then rinse in clean petrol and hang out to dry, pulling the curtains straight. This should on no account be done near a light or fire of any description, as it is highly inflammable.—(*Reply to* CAMBRIDGE.)

Isobel

THE HOUSE OF RIMMON. *Continued from page 521.*

swiftly and noiselessly towards him. Betty had thrown a dark coat over her evening gown, but her silken skirts showed in glistening folds beneath it. Her eyes gleamed bright under a soft lace wrap thrown carelessly about her dusky hair; there were jewels on her white fingers and about her throat. A faint perfume clung to her that vaguely troubled Natt and made him suddenly conscious of his deficiencies in dress and manner. Betty had come prepared to play a bold game and had sharpened her woman's weapons with a deadly precision.

"I've kept you waiting?" she said sweetly.

Natt felt confused and stammered that it didn't matter. The mist shifting in the breeze fell away from her face and figure, she looked pathetically girlish in the moonshine.

"Will you tell me, please, what you want to say to me? It has been very difficult to come here at this hour."

"It's about those beads I sold for you," he said awkwardly.

"Were you not paid sufficient for your trouble? I told Cerise to give you what you asked."

"Oh, it's not money I want," he said with a half laugh. "I've plenty of that."

"What then?"

He looked at her, then abruptly shifted his gaze, studying a clump of trees that gleamed ghostlike through the silver mist.

"I want a signed statement to the effect that the beads were yours, and that I sold them at your request and by your authority," he said sullenly.

"How ridiculous! Do you suppose I stole the necklace?"

The note of opposition stirred his blood; it enabled him to surmount the troublous effect of the faint perfume that came to him with every movement of her slim, young body.

"I wanted money to pay my dressmaker; I'd overrun my allowance, and, not wishing to bother my uncle, I fell in with my maid's suggestion that I should sell some of my jewels."

"It wasn't for money you wished to get rid of the necklace," said Natt swiftly.

Betty laughed carelessly. "You will find it difficult to find another reason," she answered.

"I don't know about that. Suppose the beads had to do with a visitor, an unwelcome visitor who came to see you at Park Lane, and who, since that visit, has mysteriously disappeared. Oh, I know more about you than you think, Miss Rendle," he added, nettled at her calmness. "I'm like the villain in a popular serial; I'm the man who knows all."

"You ought to let yourself out on hire as a popular encyclopædia," she said flippantly; "though, candidly, you don't impress me."

She drew her cloak tighter round her neck, watching him under her white eyelids.

"I'll be more definite. A man named Brettal had an interview with you, the night before you sold your necklace. What happened during that interview, Miss Rendle?" He drew close with a sneering little laugh.

Betty surveyed him calmly. She did not lose time in endeavouring to discover how he became possessed of the information, but dealt with the statement quickly and efficiently. "Are you trying to blackmail me?" she asked. "If so, you go about the business in a very clumsy fashion. What connection has the necklace that you sold with my interview with a supposititious stranger named—what did you say his name was—oh, yes; Brettal?"

Natt chuckled.

"You play the game, Missie," he said admiringly; "you play the game; but you can't bluff on a hand like yours. See here," he put his hand upon her shoulder, "the necklace was not complete, there was a bead missing. I've a shrewd notion where you dropped that bead—bead and Brettal both commence with a B, Missie; and they both disappeared. Suppose they should turn up, the body—I mean the man—and the bead? Some nasty questions would be asked, which might land me in an unpleasant mess. Everyone for himself, Missie. You must sign a paper saying I sold the beads by your orders."

"You did not." She faced him sharply. "I never saw or heard of you before to-night. You are, for aught I know, a pickpocket or a thief. You say you sold my beads; how did you get them? From my maid? A likely story. Cerise is honesty itself. You stole the necklace—prove it otherwise. What's your word against mine?" She laughed defiantly, her courage rising as she saw the blank look overspread his face.

"You're too clever," he tried to sneer. "Cerise won't go back on me."

"She'll protect herself. You can prove nothing without her corroboration."

"I've the telegram she sent, asking me to meet her."

"That won't help you. The form was filled in on a typewriter and dispatched from a messenger office. All you can say is that you used to lodge at the house of the girl's aunt, and occasionally saw her when she came there. You left your lodging under a cloud; Mrs. Tarbut turned you out—I fancy you'll have a difficulty in establishing your story."

"I'm not done, yet," he answered doggedly. "Suppose I go to your uncle with my tale?"

"You'd have short shrift. Sir Douglas would give you in charge without hesitation. I'm inclined to appeal to him myself."

"You've played that card too late, Miss Rendle. You shouldn't have met me if you were going to rely on the injured innocence lay——"

"I came for Cerise's sake," she said quickly, and made her first mistake.

(Another long instalment next week.)

FOR THE BEST

FOOTBALL REPORTS

READ THE

Daily Express

London's Great Halfpenny Morning Paper.

ON SALE EVERYWHERE.

Life is full of surprises, as you will realise when you see the footline on this page next week.

SAMUDA'S (THIRD) GRAND LIMERICK

No matter how few enter, we pay all Prizes in full.

This is Samuda's Third Limerick. People now know Samuda's Limericks as standard competitions. Samuda's competitions have been marked with an integrity that is the great secret of their success. The same conditions, the same independent judges, the same scrupulous desire to give every competitor fair play, as governed our first two competitions, will again be the features of this. There is no entrance fee to a Samuda Limerick—"Traylee" Cigarettes are full value for the money asked.

Judges:

MR. H. GREENHOUGH SMITH, *Editor of the "Strand Magazine."*

MR. ARTHUR LAWRENCE, *Late Editor of the "Idler."*

MR. MOSTYN T. PIGOTT, *of the "World."*

SAMUDA'S FIRST PRIZE, £1,000

SECOND, £100 CASH; THIRD, £50 CASH.

CONSOLATION PRIZES—FIVE OF £10 EACH.

The man who sends the best last line wins the £1,000.

The next best last lines take prizes in order of merit.

Samuda's are not making a fortune out of these Limericks.

They are content if the sales of "Traylee" Cigarettes pay a proportion of the cost of the Competitions.

The Competitions are arranged to advertise their new "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes.

The "Traylee" Cigarettes are the best Virginia Cigarettes on the market at 2s. 6d. per 100.

You are always smoking Cigarettes.

Begin now with "Traylee"—a box a week.

Send a last line with each box you buy week by week.

It is no loss to you and you may win £1,000 Cash.

It takes little time and you have a good cigarette all the time.

Someone must win this £1,000.

You or another—Why not you?

Try—it costs you nothing.

The prizes will be paid in full, no matter how few people enter.

CONDITIONS.

1. The conditions are simple. Below we print a Limerick. All you have to do is to cut out the form and fill in the last line of the Limerick, sending same to us with your order for 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes together with postal order for 2s. 6d. and 2d. for postage (2s. 8d. in all). Any number of last lines may be sent, but for each one a further 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased, and the price thereof, including postage, 2s. 8d., included. See note headed—Important Announcement.

2. Every solution sent in will be carefully classified and judged entirely on its merits. As it is impossible to do this in the short space of one week, competitors are requested to send in their last lines at the earliest possible date.

3. The names of the prize-winners will be published in the *Westminster Gazette* on March 10th.

4. Cheques will be sent to prize-winners within a week of the result being made public.

5. No member of the firm, employés, or friend of any member or employee, is eligible to compete.

6. Competitors wishing to have the results specially posted to them must enclose an additional stamp when sending in their order.

7. All Postal Orders must be made payable to J. Samuda & Co., London, E.C.

IMPORTANT . . ANNOUNCEMENT

Cigarettes in place of "Traylee," Cigarettes, addressed envelope.

When the competitor prefers Cigars or Pipe Tobacco, or a higher grade Cigarette, we are prepared to supply "Avoca" Cigars, "Avoca" Infantee Whiffs, "Avoca" Smoking Mixture, or "Avoca" Virginia, Turkish, and Egyptian Particulars will be sent on receipt of stamped

CUT OUT THIS COUPON AND FILL UP CAREFULLY.

Pearson's Weekly, No. 2.

Address Envelope—The Limerick Committee, c/o J. SAMUDA & Co., 34 Leadenhall Street, London, E.C. ..... 1908.

GENTLEMEN,—Kindly send post paid a box of 100 "Traylee" Virginia Cigarettes, for which I enclose P.O. 2/6, and 2d. for postage.

If from any cause you do not execute this order you are at liberty to return my money, and by so doing I entirely waive my right to be considered a Competitor.

I agree to accept the Committee's decision as final, and enter the Competition on that distinct understanding.

Here is an unfinished Limerick, to which the last line should be added:—

Unique is the prize, so say we,
And not less unique is "Traylee."
You've no loss to repine,
If you send a last line,

.....

Full Name .....

(Please write clearly.) Postal Address .....

Town ..... County .....

If more than one last line is sent, write same with name and address on a separate sheet of plain paper and pin to the entry form. Only one attempt must be written on each sheet, and for each last line sent in 100 "Traylee" Cigarettes must be purchased at 2/8 including postage. Additional entry coupons will be sent on receipt of stamped addressed envelope.

P.H.P.

Limericks in Russia.

TALKING of Limericks, the passion for this pastime appears to have reached the happy land of bombs and Dumas. W. H. G., who writes from St. Petersburg, sends me along a spirited description of a Limerick competition organised by the Nevsky Bowling Green Club at a smoking concert. The prize was a silver cigarette case and holder. "The verse submitted caused much discussion," says W. H. G., "many being of opinion it was not a Limerick. Still, it was decided to try what could be made from it." Here are the lines as originally completed:

At Nevsky's a fine bowling green,
And prizes the finest on earth;
They indulge in a soaker, which they call a smoker,
And the outcome of kissing the Jack."

Strange to say, this brilliant effort was not voted satisfactory. "It was decided," continues W. H. G., "to re-write the verse, which then read as follows:

"At Nevsky's a fine bowling green,
And prizes the finest are seen;
They indulge in a soaker,
Which they call a smoker,"

And the answer which finally took the prize was, "And a worse Limerick I never have seen."——As W. H. G. invites my critical opinion with regard to this composition, I must reluctantly say that I heartily agree with the gentleman who secured the first prize. Though a little shaky on the subject of scansion, he seems to have a sound critical judgment. Still, with Nihilists and secret police prowling about, it must be a difficult matter to concentrate the mind on poetry.

The Oldest Editions of the Bible.

"WHERE is the oldest edition of the Holy Bible?" asks J. W. P., "and what is its date? If it is in a foreign country, where can one find the oldest edition in England?"——The reputed oldest copy in Greek of the Old and New Testament is in the Vatican, and was written in the fourth or fifth century. The next in age is the Alexandrian Codex (referred to in the fifth century) in the British Museum. This was presented to Charles I. by the Greek Patriach. It was printed in England, edited by Woide and Baker, 1786-1821. The most ancient copy of the Hebrew Scriptures known, existed formerly at Toledo. It was called the Codex of Hillel, and was of a very early date, probably the fourth century after Christ, though some authorities place it 300 years earlier.

"Bumps."

E. T. H. claims to be the possessor of the same mysterious power that distinguished the useful animals belonging to Little Bo Peep. Leave him alone, and he'll come home, no matter whether his destination is a New Zealand ranch or Drury Lane Theatre. Let him speak for himself, however. "Some years ago," he writes, "I visited Wellington, New Zealand, and set off to find a certain station. I arrived at it quite safely without asking my way. Last week, wishing to visit Drury Lane Theatre, I set off from Fenchurch Street on a motor-bus, and when opposite the Gaiety almost unconsciously alighted, and soon found myself in a maze of buildings. I asked a messenger boy the way, and he deliberately misdirected me. By a supernatural inspiration, I set off in the opposite direction, and almost immediately found myself at the theatre. Upon another occasion, when a complete stranger in London, I purposely tried to lose myself, but kept on finding my way back to the Bank. My friends suggest that I have 'bumps,' but perhaps one of your readers can give a better explanation."——If you kept on running into the Bank of England, E. T. H., I should think it highly probable that you had bumps. The old lady of Threadneedle Street is the most solid financial institution we possess. Whatever may be its explanation your gift is certainly a most useful one. In a London fog, for instance, it would be literally invaluable, while if you are of a sporting turn of mind, you might match yourself against some pigeon fancier's champion performer.

The Dunmow Flitch.

R. L. sends me some inquiries concerning the famous annual ceremony at Dunmow, when a flitch of bacon is awarded to the fortunate couple who can prove that they have lived together for a year and a day without the slightest approach to a squabble.——I hope by your questions, R. L., that you are thinking of entering for the prize yourself. The history of the Dunmow Flitch is supposed to date back to the reign of Henry III., when a young man and girl in the plain dress of English Yeomanry presented themselves before the Prior of Dunmow and demanded his blessing on their marriage. So pleased was the worthy Prior at the youth's charming manner, that, in addition to giving them his blessing, he also bestowed on them a large flitch of bacon, which one of the Priory servants happened to be carrying past. The youth turned out to be Sir Reginald Fitzwalter, the chief landowner of the neighbourhood, and, in return for the Prior's kindness, he not only presented him with the title deeds of the Priory, but also the sum of 200 marks a year to provide an annual flitch for any couple who had lived together for that period without a quarrel. The ceremony, which lapsed after a time, was revived about sixty years ago by Mr. Harrison Ainsworth, but owing to the rowdiness which attended it, it was again allowed to fall into desuetude. Since its second revival in 1890, however, it has been most successfully carried out, and has drawn numerous spectators to the little Essex town. August Bank holiday is the usual date for its celebration.

Just to Warn You.

R. M., of Liverpool, writes: "Whilst I was having a drink at an hotel, a well-dressed man entered, and engaged in conversation with the company. It was soon apparent that he was a boaster, who thought himself much superior to the rest of us, and we longed for a chance of taking him down. After we had endured him for about ten minutes, a beggar-woman came in, and appealed to him for charity. He said to her: 'Look here, my poor woman, for every penny you get from these people, I will give you a shilling.' Of course, we all rushed to load her with our spare coppers, and the collection came to 8s. 9d. This meant that the boastful chap owed her £2 5s. We certainly thought we would have a laugh at him when he was told his indebtedness, but, to our surprise, he paid the money without the least reluctance. When, next day, I saw the same actors go through a similar performance before an entirely new audience with even better results, I realised that I had tumbled on to another way of getting a living without working for it."——We live and learn, R. M. Thanks to you, many thousands of *P. W.* readers will now be warned against doling out pennies to future exponents of this little dodge.

Out of the Clouds.

J. C. sends me a letter from the top of the Drakensberg Mountains wishing me a Happy New Year. "I am writing to you out of the clouds," he says, "8,725 feet above the sea-level. I think this is the record height at which *Pearson's* is posted."——I should think it was. At all events, if any of my readers receives the cerise-coloured one at a more lofty altitude, I shall be delighted to send him a pocket-knife. It is wonderful how *P. W.* has penetrated all over the world. I have often thought of making a list of the strange places from which readers have written to me, and of the curious adventures in which the paper has figured. I really believe that when M. Santos Dumont or Colonel Capper succeed in constructing the perfect airship and pay a call upon our neighbour, the moon, they will find the famous gentleman who inhabits that constellation poring over an ancient copy of *Pearson's Weekly*, which has blown off the earth in some November gale.

There was an old man in the moon.
Who for years was a solitary coon,
But one wild, windy day
Pearson's fluttered that way,
Now he finds the time passes too soon.

Wanted, a Path.

WITH reference to a recent paragraph on the subject of motors on this page, H. C. sends me a bitter complaint concerning the Essex roads. "I think a great many accidents might be prevented," he writes, "if the various highway authorities were compelled to make footpaths at the side of the road for the use of pedestrians. I, unfortunately, live in a part of the world where there are no footpaths. Just past my house the road slopes gradually, and motors come down it at a terrific rate. Pedestrians of all sorts, especially old people and children, are at their wits' ends to know where to get to for safety when a motor is approaching from either direction. My contention is that pathways are at the present time an absolute necessity and should be enforced by an Act of Parliament."——I have some acquaintance with the type of road you refer to, H. C., and heartily agree with you. Motors have completely spoilt the pleasure of pedestrians on the road, and although it is, of course, useless to complain on this ground, the humble walker is surely justified in protesting when his actual existence is endangered. There are many people who feel that a special tax on motors, with the proceeds devoted to the improvement of the roads, would be only just and reasonable. Unfortunately, the majority of our legislators are themselves addicted to the gentle art of dust raising.

Testacella Haliotidea.

WITH reference to a recent paragraph on this page, in which a correspondent narrated the thrilling story of how he saw a slug swallowing a worm, no fewer than a dozen readers have been kind enough to send me in the solution of the mystery. It appears that there is a special breed of slug bearing the graceful name of "Testacella Haliotidea," for which the cult of vegetarianism has no charm. These slugs are of an orange colour, and have a small ear-shaped shell stuck at the end of their bodies, which, as J. A. W. points out, acts as a kind of shield, preventing them from being successfully attacked in the rear. Although apparently not averse to other forms of meat diet, such as smaller slugs, the Testacella appears to have a special weakness for earth-worms. According to R. A. C., "it follows them along their burrows, and draws them into its mouth with its curved teeth." *S.* R. K., who is a landscape gardener, writes that in one portion of his ground he has slaughtered several thousand of them during the past year. He also makes a sporting offer to send a few specimens free of charge to any of our readers who are in want of a nice domestic pet and willing to pay the postage. L. D., who seems to be something of an expert on the subject, adds the information that other kinds of slugs are also carnivorous on occasions, and relates how he once put a Testacella in a box with some large garden slugs, whereupon the latter promptly devoured their companion. Truly, a case of the biter bit. This assertion is supported by C. A., who one day, after sugaring some trees to catch moths, and returning in the evening, found a couple of slugs making a hearty meal off the luckless prisoners. I am greatly obliged to all my other readers who were kind enough to write to me on the subject, and regret that lack of space prevents my printing their interesting letters.

Reynard the Fox.

ARTISTO sends me an inquiry concerning the origin of the word Renard, as applied to a fox. "I have been reading Harrison Ainsworth's 'Tower of London,'" he says, "and I see this refers to Simon Renard (the Spanish Ambassador of the fifteenth century) as being a very wily conspirator. Has his name any relation to my question?"——The origin of the name Renard, or, as it is more usually written Reynard, is of an even older date than the ingenious ambassador you mention, ARTISTO. It is the name given to the fox in a famous German epic of the fourteenth century called "Reynard the Fox." The book is really a satire on the state of Germany in the Middle Ages; the different animals, each of which are given a special name, typifying different institutions. Thus, Reynard the Fox stands for the Church, Isengrim the Wolf for the Barons, and Nodel the Lion for the Emperor. Other characters are Tibert the Cat, and Bruin the Bear. Both in the last-named case and that of Reynard, the personal name given by the author has passed into common speech.

Does Hair Grow After Death?

N. J. N. and J. W. both write to ask whether there is any truth in the belief that hair continues to grow after death.——There are numerous stories and legends as to such an incident having occurred, but, as a matter of fact, no scientific writer attaches the least belief to them. In the recent Druce perjury case Prof. Pepper explained that hair might appear to increase a little for a day or two, but that in reality this was due to the shrinking of the skin. Hair has no life in itself, so when the blood vessels at its base perish it cannot continue to grow. Amongst the many interesting legends to the contrary may be mentioned the story told by Walrerus, in which he gives an account of a woman buried forty-three years, whose hair was found issuing plentifully through the clefts of her coffin. Arnold tells of a man hanged for theft, who, in a little time, when he yet hung on the gibbet, had his body strangely covered over with hair; while Hawthorne refers to a case in which the tomb of a lady contained nothing but "shining curls, the growth of half a century." The best authenticated instance is that of Napoleon. In Montholon's "History of Napoleon's Captivity," there is a report by Dr. Guillard, which states that his "beard appeared to have grown after death," judging by the blueness of the skin; and we know that Noverras shaved him the day after he died. In this case, no doubt, appearances were deceptive, and what appeared to be growth was really due to the shrinking of the skin referred to by Dr. Pepper. With regard to the buried ladies, the imaginations of the writers were no doubt responsible for the tales.

Printed by HORACE COX, Bream's Buildings, E.C., and Published by G. ARCHER PEARSON, LTD., at Pearson's Weekly Buildings, Henrietta Street, London, W.C.

Note.—A pen-knife will be awarded to each reader whose letter is dealt with on this page, or whose suggestion for a title is used.

How to Keep Warm

A Subject of Pressing Importance Discussed by Famous Explorers and an Eminent Physician.

Dr. W. HUNTER WORKMAN, M.D., F.R.G.S.

(The eminent American explorer, who has made a specialty of the Himalayas).

In my opinion the best way to keep warm is, under all circumstances, to wear sufficient woollen clothing to keep the body comfortable. The nerves of sensation may be trusted to inform a person as to what is sufficient. A person who follows this simple rule, and knows how to heed the sense of perception Nature has provided him with, need not suffer from cold.

W. Hunter Workman

Sir MARTIN CONWAY, F.R.G.S.

(A great climber, and an ex-President of the Alpine Club.)

I CAN'T keep warm.

Martin Conway

Lieut.-Colonel H. H. GODWIN-AUSTEN, F.R.S., F.Z.S., F.R.G.S.

(A very eminent retired Army officer, who, as an explorer, did great work in India, particularly in the Himalayas).

Your inquiry, "How to keep warm," is not so easy to answer as it would seem at first sight, because the people of this country seem so very well able to keep themselves warm, and the heat of many houses, clubs, and public buildings is often unbearable.

Keeping warm seems to me to be principally a question of age. I went through some exposure to cold when surveying in the Himalayas between the age of twenty-three and thirty, and I did not feel the cold then in the same way as I do now at seventy-three, wearing, as a general rule, far thicker clothes, taking greater precautions, and with all the comforts of an English house, bar hot-water pipes.

What strikes me most, looking back fifty to sixty years, particularly to my schooldays, is the much greater care people take of themselves and their children, with respect to cold, than they did then. Whether they are healthier and stronger is questionable. Certainly, if they had to face any extreme exposure to cold, they would be less able to stand it.

Thick underclothing in vests and pants in winter is now almost universal, fires in bedrooms, and hot water laid on to wash in. At the public schools, boys dress in flannels for any violent exercise, and change afterwards, and can indulge in a hot bath if they feel inclined.

How different it was in my time at the R.M.C., Sandhurst. Linen shirts—some cadets, and not by any means all, wore flannel vests, but no pants—and for the four years, summer and winter, I wore nothing but the red swallow-tailed coatee and black trousers of a very thin, bad-textured cloth, and, as cadets of that period (1848-51) still living may remember, we had no military greatcoats. Only on the setting in of a long frost in January, when skating was on, were we allowed to take our plain clothes greatcoats out of store and wear them over our uniform. When the frost was over our greatcoats went back to store.

I have the memory of many a "sentry go" done in the bitter wind of early spring, in front of the six-pounder guns that stood on either side of the entrance, in the above what would now be deemed scanty, improper clothing.

Hockey and football were played in uniform; there was no change of clothing possible, for even if coat or trousers got torn, and had to go to the tailor's, a cadet had to take the best fit he could find out of a certain number of coats and trousers which hung in a storeroom common to all. Hot water was never supplied to us in the coldest weather. There was no bathroom of any sort; each cadet had a jug and basin, and during my first year at Sandhurst we had to purchase own own "Tosh pans" to enable us to have a weekly wash all over, boiling a kettle of water ourselves on the dormitory fire, and washing in the dark after lights were put out.

After my first year each cadet received a tin foot-pan, but the same system of washing continued while I was there. It was a rough life, the plainest food, no luxuries. Yet with all this a more healthy set of boys, ranging from fourteen to eighteen, could hardly be found; only one death occured during the four years I was at Sandhurst, and that was from lockjaw, following on a broken leg.

It is impossible to give any hints regarding clothing in a country where most people are amply clad; if anything, some pile on so much as to impede their action. Of all the articles of clothing which the East has given us, and which is a producer of warmth, there is nothing which beats the Kashmiri "putti." I wore them for years, beginning in 1854, when I went on my first fishing expedition into the hills south of the Pir Nanjal.

In snow, in wet, and sleeping out, they are of the greatest comfort, keeping the extremities warm. The sepoys of the Kashmir Army wore "puttles," as did most of the labouring population when carrying loads. Officers taking leave to Kashmir for shooting in the higher ranges soon found out their value, and adopted them.

They were first taken into use by regiments of the Bengal native army when on punitive expeditions into the hill country of the Indian Frontier, and they have eventually become a part of the uniform of the British Army.

There are only two other articles of Eastern costume I would mention that I derived great comfort from during many years of travel in India—one, the turban, in the form of the Peshawar "loongi," a head-dress worn by most of the native regiments in India. It is warm to the head, never blows off, can be so tied as to protect the neck and lower part of the face, and can be worn at night when a hat is no use. I consider it, besides, a better protection against the sun than any form of hat. The second is the Peshawar "posteen," a coat made of goat skin, worn with the hair inside.

In the coldest work I had among the glaciers of Baltistan, and the bitter searching winds of Rupshu and the Pang-Kong lake, this overcoat was invaluable, and I do not know what I should have done without it. Woollen clothing is the thing for shirt, waistcoat, coat, knickerbockers, and "kummerbund," or waistcloth—this last I always wear, even now, the waistcoat coming over it; it prevents chill to that part of the body. To sum up, the best warmth is got out of exercise. As to food, live well and plainly—spirits and wine are of no aid to keeping warm; nor are they strengthening. In the coldest and hardest work I had to do on foot, from sunrise to dark, I drank only tea, and avoided cold water.

H. H. Godwin-Austen

Dr. N. E. YORKE DAVIES

(The eminent Harley Street physician and dietist).

The foods that nourish the system, and those that maintain the heat of the body, are totally different kinds.

The foods that nourish the system, *i.e.*, maintain health, strength, and the stamina of the tissues, are animal foods of all kinds, and all other articles of diet that contain "proteine." Those that maintain the warmth of the body are fats, sugar, and starchy foods of all kinds.

To illustrate the meaning of this, it may be pointed out, as a well-known fact, the denizens of hot climates require absolutely different food from those who live in the Arctic regions.

The Esquimau requires eight to twelve pounds of whale blubber a day to maintain heat, and, in fact, he eats very little else but this. In very hot climates any light food suffices, and this may be meat and fruit with little of anything else.

In a temperate climate like ours a mixed diet, consisting of a proper amount of meat, fish, vegetables, etc., is required; but in the colder part of the year it is desirable to take more fat—generally speaking, the tendency is always to take less fat during the hot weather, as it is unnecessary to take foods that maintain heat.

Upon a properly constituted diet of animal food and heat-producing food, depends the whole maintenance of the body in good health, and at a stationary weight. If the heat-forming food is taken in too great an excess it leads to the condition known as obesity. If sufficient animal food is not taken the condition of the body and nervous system is not kept in tone, and mental and physical health is impaired.

The influence of diet, of all descriptions, comes daily under my notice, and it may interest many to know the extraordinary effect of food in the way I have to deal with it.

Take the case of the over-stout: by cutting down the heat-producing foods, and giving plenty of the foods that maintain health and strength, the weight will decrease at the rate of four to six pounds each week, and it does not matter how old the patient may be, the result it always absolutely safe.

This may be a repetition of what is well known, but it cannot be impressed too often upon people to whom continued life, for their own sakes and that of others, is a duty and a pleasure.

N. E. Yorke-Davies

IMPORTANT!

PRIVATE SALE. NO RESERVE.

Furniture and Effects of the late

SIR FREDERICK W. WIGAN, BT.,

Removed from Windlesham Court, Surrey.

Also the remaining portion of

Captain Brakefort's Furniture and Effects.

Any item may be had separately.

Can remain stored free till required if collected at once.

Opportunity of a lifetime.

Superbly high-class goods at ridiculously low prices

27 Complete Bedrooms,
Comprising Chippendale, Sheraton, and quaint design, suites complete from £4 15s. up to 100 guineas.

Brass and other Bedsteads
With superior nearly new bedding, from 30/- up to 40 guineas.

Choice Queen Anne style Dining-room Furniture
Complete, solid dark mahogany, for 25 guineas.

Very Choice Sheraton Design Dining-room Furniture.
Set complete for 22 guineas (worth treble).
A very lovely majestic set of Antique design

Black Oak Carved Furniture,
The suite being choicely spring-upholstered throughout and covered with embossed real leather, 16 guineas.

Magnificent Carved Oak Chiming Grandfather Clock,
Sheraton design ditto and 2 Bracket clocks.

Breakfast-room Furniture
Complete in solid fumigated oak, with copper fitments, including a beautiful plate-glass-back sideboard, suite, overmantel, table, &c., £9 15s. the lot; and a complete set in walnut wood, including 9-piece massive suite, sideboard, overmantel, table, &c., £12 the lot.

Costly nearly-new Drawing-room Furniture.
French gilt and buhl inlaid cabinet, &c.; luxurious Chesterfield silk-covered suite, complete, £8 15s.; Louis XIV. display cabinet, exquisite design, £6 14s.; overmantal to match, 37/6; and dainty centre table, 25/-; choice Axminster carpet, 45/-; and the brilliant-toned upright grand pianoforte, by most eminent makers, 14 gs.; French conversational suite of 7 pieces, covered silk tapestry, £3 17s. 6d.; 4ft. wide lofty French cabinet, fitted show cases and drawers, £3 15s.; several choice tables, mirrors, &c.

Turkey and other Carpets from 10/-, several pictures and engravings, piano by Chappell and Co., 7 gs., and numerous other items, can be seen where now lying for convenience of selling, any day, 9 till 9, Thursdays till 5, at the Furniture Depositories, 50 Park Street, Upper Street, Highbury, London, N., 3 minutes from Highbury Station, North London Railway. Delivered free, town or country.

How to Waterproof Your Own Boots.

The question of "How to ward off the cold and keep out the wet" is ever an urgent one in this climate of ours. It depends very largely upon our success in solving the problem as to whether we are successful in warding off the onslaught of Bronchitis, Consumption, Pneumonia, and a thousand other ills. It is notorious that while most people succeed in a varying degree in solving the difficulty, so far as their clothing is concerned, when it comes to a question of footwear they miserably fail.

More people catch cold by reason of the dampness percolating through the soles of their boots than from any other cause. Now here's something which, properly applied, will absolutely keep the wet from coming up through the soles of the boot.

A new preparation has just recently been put upon the market which, to a large extent solves the difficulty, and will certainly appeal to those of an economical turn of mind. The preparation is a solution called "Coruxin," which, when applied to the sole and welt of the boot, not only renders it absolutely waterproof, but preserves the leather and thus lengthens the life of the boot. In a word, "Coruxin" is a preservative. The dead skin from which leather is manufactured loses something of its quality in the process of tanning and dressing. "Coruxin" is a solution which scientifically imparts to the leather all the qualities of a live skin. It increases its pliability and renews the resisting power of the fibre. The solution, by means of a small brush, can be applied to either gent's, ladies' or children's boots. It is put up in bottles which can be had post free for 1s. 3d., enough for six pairs of boots, and a larger size, 2s. 4½d., post free, sufficient to treat fifteen pairs of boots, by the "Coruxin" L.P. Co., 125 High Holborn, London, W.C.—[ADVT.]

The night hath a thousand eyes, but you'll need only one to see the footline on this page next week.

QUIPS AND JESTLETS.

CRAVED FOR LOVE.

"Is it true that you threw something at your husband that caused the swelling over his eye?" the county magistrate inquired of a little wiry Irishwoman, who appeared one day, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"Yis, sor, I did!" said the woman, catching her breath, "but I niver mint to hurt him, an' well he knows it! We'd just come home from me cousin's weddin', an' I was feelin' kind o' soft to Mike, an' I up an' axed him if he loved me as much as he did the day we was married; an'—an'—yer 'anner, he was so slow answerin' me that I up wid the mop an' flung it at him! If we poor women don't have love our hearts jist breaks inside av us!"

THE ALTERNATIVES.

THEY had not been engaged very long, but already George had made it apparent that the salary of a junior shop assistant did not admit of an ecstatic existence amid a sea of diamond rings, theatre stalls, or even chocolate creams.

Recently they walked together to a neighbouring village. The road was muddy, the wind bitter, and Daisy felt that life would be better worth living when she had an opportunity of reviving herself with tea and hot scones.

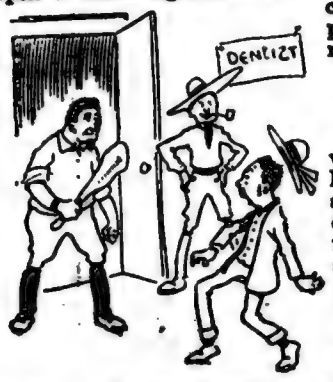
George hesitated outside the only restaurant in the place, and she smiled hopefully. His hand stole to his trousers pocket; he fumbled nervously there for a moment.

"Er—Daisy," he said at last, "will you have something to eat now, and walk back, or shall we have nothing to eat, and go back by train?"

CHLOROFORM'S SUBSTITUTE.

WHILE travelling in California a tourist was suddenly attacked with a most violent toothache.

Just as the pain was getting unbearable he came upon a small log-hut, in the window of which was conspicuously displayed a sign which read:—



"TEETH YANKED OUT WITHOUT A TWINGE."

Feeling desperate with agonising pain, he knocked at the door and asked for the dentist, who soon made his appearance, attired in a glaring red shirt, and smoking a short pipe.

"I understand from your sign outside the window that you extract teeth without giving pain?" asked the tourist, nursing his face tenderly.

"Thet are a fac', mister," replied the dentist.

"Then would you mind pulling out this one?" (indicating the offending molar).

The dentist gave a shrill whistle, and in walked his assistant, armed with a huge club.

"Now, matey," quoth the "Painless Dentist," "stun him!"

HIS BROTHERS.

AT the usual monthly Petty Sessions Court, held in a certain provincial town some weeks ago, the following incident occurred:

One of the local police constables had summoned a neighbouring farmer on a charge of "having a number of asses wandering at will on the public road." The defendant failed to appear; but his brother was present in the person of the Clerk of Petty Sessions, who, on hearing the sentence of the presiding magistrate—"Fined 2s. 6d. and costs," rose to the occasion by replying: "They're my brother's, your worship; I'll pay the fine!"

He was shocked when his becoming exhibition of fraternal love for the asses was rewarded with an outburst of laughter.

SCIENCE v. SNAP.

A CERTAIN football club had received its first reverse of the season.

This was the more galling when the defeated ones reflected that their conquerors had absolutely no pretensions to "class," being, on paper at least, the weakest team in the district.

Returning to headquarters after the match, there was one man who seemed to feel the defeat more keenly than anyone else. He was the trainer of the team.

"How did it all happen, Ben?" asked a supporter who had been unable to attend the match.

"Sudden!" growled the trainer. "Very sudden!"

"Yes; but how came we to lose?"

"This way," replied Ben. "For eighty-nine minutes out of the ninety our fellows had been showing the spectators how to play football. Then one of the other chaps pounced on the ball and showed our fellows how to score! That's all!"

PART OF THE TREATMENT.

TOMPKINS had suffered terribly and at one time it appeared that his illness might have a fatal termination. But skilful doctors and a pretty nurse tended him most carefully and the crisis was successfully passed. The pretty nurse was Tompkins' one ray of sunshine during his weary hours and he fell desperately in love with her.

"Nurse Edith," he said one day. "Will you be my wife when I recover?"

"Certainly!" replied the consoler of suffering humanity.

"Then my hopes are realised; you do really love me?" queried the anxious Tompkins.

The pretty nurse stammered. "Oh, no," she said, "that's merely part of the treatment. I must keep my patients cheerful. I promised this morning to run away with a man who has lost both his legs."

EDNA: "When I marry it will be a brave hero who fears nothing."

May: "Yes, dear; I am sure you will never wed any other kind of man."

"DON'T you think you were unnecessarily harsh towards the pedlar who rang the door bell?"

"Yes," answered Mrs. Bizzideigh; "but I couldn't help it. It was such a relief to have a caller before whom you can doff the mask of hypocrisy and say flatly that you wish to be left alone."

COMPENSATIONS.

Pooh! January, sharp unkind,
With you I am content enough;
What care I for your bitter wind
Whilst I can share Matilda's muff?

What care I for your nipping frost,
Though nervous of a frozen fate,
My dread of snow and ice is lost
Whilst teaching Kitty how to skate.

For frosty roads I have a use,
Your icy slides give no alarm,
On slippery paths I've some excuse
For holding tight Belinda's arm.

Your searching storms from o'er the sea,
Your racing squalls, your blizzards bleak,
With exquisite inclemency
Blow Mabel's curls against my cheek.

"MR. SCATTERTON prides himself on being strictly impartial."

"Yes," answered the unamiable man, "I once went shooting with him. He didn't seem to care whether he hit the rabbit, the dog, or one of his friends."

"DON'T you sometimes long for your childhood's happy days?" said the sentimental person.

"Yes," answered Miss Cayenne, "there are times when I would enjoy hanging on the fence and making faces at people I don't like, instead of having to say, 'How do you do, dear? So glad to see you?'"

REWARDED.

THE driver, wearing a waterproof cap, goggles, and a light dustcoat, turned the crank handle of the motor-car industriously, but without producing any effect.

He paused for breath. The crowd made audible comments, such as "Twist it again!" "Hire a horse!" "Go it, Sandow!" But to these he was deaf.

Once more he hopefully seized the crank and turned it again strenuously. No result. He paused again to remove his cap and catch his breath.

An elderly gentleman observing the action stepped forward and dropped a coin in the upturned cap. He said, with calm appreciation, "It's the only street organ I ever saw that wasn't a real nuisance. You deserve a copper!"

NOT RUNNING RISKS.

Two witnesses were up the other day at a South of Ireland Assizes in a case which concerned long-continued poultry stealing. As usual, nothing could be got from them in the way of evidence until the nearly baffled prosecuting counsel asked in a tragic tone:

"Will you swear, Mike Lanergan, that Thady O'Farrell has never, to your knowledge, stolen chickens?"

The responsibility of this last lie was too much for the witness.

"Shure, I don't know about that same, your honour," said Mike; "but I do know," he added, straightening himself, "that if I was a chicken, and Thady was about, I'd roost high!"

WHY SILENCE REIGNED.

"DARLING," he cried, in tones of deep emotion, "at last you are safely in my arms and nothing shall part us more."

The object of his touching words and passionate embrace made no response, but remained cold and silent. Tears welled into his eyes.

"Dearest," he continued, "how can I prove my love? Is there no sacrifice I can make for your sweet sake; no suffering I can endure?"

This final appeal was irresistible.

"The best thing you can do, my man," said a gruff voice, "is to come along with me," and a brutal policeman unfastened him from the lamp-post and led him silently away.

WHY SHE WEPT.

ONE of the very few entertainments which are free to Londoners was in progress. A huge pawnbroker's shop was on fire, and the firemen were busy trying to prevent the conflagration spreading.

Among the large crowd of onlookers was one woman who was evidently in an agony of excitement. Every now and again she would urge the firemen to more strenuous efforts, and as the flames leaped higher her grief became violent.

"What's wrong, miss-sus?" said a sympathetic bystander. "Don't you upset yourself. There ain't no one in there. What's the row?"

"Row!" exclaimed the lady through her tears. "There's no row at all at present, but there will be if they don't get that fire out soon. My old man's Sunday suit is up that spout—*and he don't know it!*"

A COLD WEATHER JOKE.

A BUSINESS man came down to his office on a winter morning when it was bitterly cold.

"Whew, how cold it is!" he said to one of the clerks. "Just shut that safe, if you please."

The clerk obeyed with a puzzled look. Then, when he could restrain his curiosity no longer, he asked:

"Excuse me, sir, but why did you tell me to shut the safe?"

"Why," replied his employer with a sly chuckle, "there are a good many drafts in that safe."

HARD ON THE ORATOR.

A SHORTHAND writer, speaking of the difficulties he often encountered in his early days, said that when he was eighteen he worked for an important newspaper. He was a beginner at shorthand then, and often found it difficult to read his own notes.

One night he reported a half-hour's instalment of a great orator's speech, and as it was well on toward midnight when he got back to the office, he sat down at a typewriter to transcribe his notes in longhand as quickly as possible. He worked away steadily. Then he stopped. One sentence, in the middle of a long paragraph, he could not decipher, and he turned to an expert on his left, and said:

"Can you read this sentence here? For the life of me, I can't."

The expert studied the sentence, then shook his head.

"No," he said. "I can't read it. Just put in 'Great applause,' and let it go at that."

So the young man put in "Great applause" and the next morning, when he read the speech in the paper, he found, to his horror, that he had made this portion of the speech run: "I will detain you but a few minutes longer, my friends—(great applause)."

Like Dick Whittington "turn again" to this page next week and read the footline.

THE GREATEST FOOTBALL TOWN?

A Study of the Achievements of Famous English Clubs.

NOTHING rouses heated controversy more readily than football; but it does not follow that, because local opinion places its own "pets" at the top of the tree, that facts would support such enthusiasm. In this article the great football centres will be passed in review for the purpose of discovering which English town, outside the Metropolis, has the best claim, everything considered, to be regarded as the greatest football town.

The length of time football has been established in the town, the number of important teams the town supports, the size of the town compared with its football fame, and the support which it gives to the game, the records which its footballers have placed to their credit in the classic competitions, will all be taken into account.

Liverpool, Manchester, Sheffield, Newcastle, Bradford, Blackburn, Bolton, Bury, Preston, and Sunderland, in the North; Nottingham, Birmingham, West Bromwich, Derby, Wolverhampton, and Stoke, in the Midlands; and Woolwich, Southampton, and Bristol, in the South, seem to be the towns worth discussing.

The last section is most easily disposed of. Except Southampton, not one of them has shone in the great national competitions which give a club status. On the one occasion Southampton figured in the English Cup Final they were defeated 2—1, after a draw, 1—1.

WELL DONE, WEST BROMWICH!

The Midland towns, in order of size, are Birmingham, Nottingham, Derby, Wolverhampton, West Bromwich, and Stoke. The last may be dismissed at once, although, considering their disadvantages, the Potters have done wonders.

But how about the Throstles, of West Bromwich? The famous Albion first appeared in a Final in '86, and were beaten by Blackburn Rovers. They actually reappeared in the two succeeding years. Aston Villa took down their number the first time, but the third time they reached their climax by beating the "Invincible" North Enders by two goals to one.

They took the Pot again in '92 at the expense of the Villa, and turned out in their last Final in '95. Had the Throstles maintained the great form of these earlier years, West Bromwich would have been hard to oust from the top of the poll, for its team is one of the oldest, the town is small in size compared with the eminence of its club, and it has a great classic record. But a town cannot live on its past, so W.B. must step down.

If the Throstles fail to get a place, Wolverhampton must fail also. The Wolves' first appearance in a Final was in '89, when Preston North End defeated them. They pulled it off, however, against Everton in '93, and lost in '96. So their record is not equal to the Albion. Neither of these clubs has won the League championship.

Derby County is one of the pluckiest and most unlucky teams in the League. It has been three times in the Final, only to be beaten on each occasion. Neither has the League championship ever gone to Derby.

HATS OFF TO THE VILLAINS.

With Nottingham and Birmingham the case is different. They are certainly bigger towns than those already mentioned, and by our method of comparison that puts them a step behind. But they both maintain two first-class Soccer teams, and both have claims to distinction in the Rugby code. Nottingham has the distinction, too, of being the smallest town in England boasting two First League teams, and that is a very real asset.

Both Notts teams have had a very varied experience. They are among the oldest members of the League. They have both, however, had "Paddy's rise" for longer or shorter periods. Their record for the English Cup cannot compare with the Albion, though the County can boast of being the only team to win the Cup whilst still a member of the Second Division.

If only for the great "Villa," Birmingham is well in the running, although the Midland capital cannot compare with Nottingham as a sporting town. Its other team, "Birmingham," has only lately emerged from mediocrity, but the Villa is one of the oldest and most consistently successful teams in the country. It has "topped" the League five times, and has been the "runner-up" on several other occasions. Also, it won the English Cup four times, in '87, '95, '97, and '05, and appeared and lost in the Final of '92. This record is unsurpassed in the English League.

Thus, the fact that Birmingham keeps two teams going, one being a pioneer team, having the finest record in the League, undoubtedly points to the Midland capital as taking slight precedence of Nottingham as a football town.

Is there anything in the North to beat it? Of the smaller-sized towns Blackburn claims first notice by reason of its famous Rovers. Blackburn was the first town in England to challenge the old supremacy of the South in Association football; for, in '82, the Rovers played the Old Etonians for the Cup, and lost by the odd goal. The year following the Blackburn Olympic, now no longer in existence, beat the Old Etonians 2—1, the first Northern club to win the Cup. For the following three years the Rovers annexed the famous "Bauble," and they appeared again in the Finals of '90 and '91, beating Sheffield and Notts respectively.

The Cup has, therefore, rested six years in the town of Blackburn—a unique record. Moreover, the Rovers were original members of the League, and have never suffered relegation to the Second Division.

The record of Preston is an inspiring one. The North End's proudest year was in '89, when they won the championship of the newly-formed League without a single defeat, and won the Cup as well without having a single goal scored against them! The form shown by this great combination has never probably been surpassed. It taught the rest of the country the true science of combination. The North End reached the Final twice, losing first time and winning the second. The club has twice figured at the head of the League, and twice been "runners-up."

Bolton and Bury, adjacent towns, may be considered together. The Wanderers of Bolton have made bold bids for the English Cup, and have twice reached the Final. They failed at the last hurdle, however, and they have never been League champions.

Bury has come into prominence during the last decade, and its footballers have been notable Cup-fighters almost from the first. They beat Southampton in the Final of 1900 on their first visit to the Palace, and Derby three years later. On the latter occasion they went through the five rounds without losing a goal, and beat Derby by a record majority, 6—0!

TWO VERY SHARP TEAMS.

Newcastle and Sunderland are also neighbours, but the latter has much the longer record. It used to be dubbed, "The Team of All the Talents," and, though it has never held the Cup, it has headed the League three times. Newcastle United, although their first-class record only dates from '98, are the present League champions, and were champions in '05, and although they have never won the Cup, they reached the Final in two successive years—'05 and '06.

Bradford is out of the running at present.

Its neighbouring West Riding town of Sheffield, however, maintains two great Soccer teams, and the Wednesday is well-nigh the oldest combination in the country. They have a history to be proud of.

The United were League champions in '98, and the Wednesday, although they dropped to the Second Division for one year, were champions in '03 and '04. For the Cup, too, both have a grand record. Before the United were heard of, Wednesday met the Rovers in 1890 at the Oval, being defeated 6—1. But in '96 they took the Cup against the Wolves.

Meanwhile, the United had sprung into fame, which they emphasised by beating Derby at the Palace in '99. Two years later they appeared again in the famous match against Tottenham Hotspur. After a draw, the Hotspurs won 3—1. But the United came again next time, and beat Southampton, after a draw, 2—1.

After an interval of ten years, the Wednesday took up the running again by beating Everton in the Final of last April, and are thus the present Cup-holders. Sheffield, then, has had the Cup within its borders on four occasions, and the League championship thrice.

A CLOSE FINISH.

Manchester and Liverpool have long been famous Rugby centres. But the doings of their Soccer clubs have latterly entirely eclipsed the rival code. In this discussion Manchester must give way to Liverpool, for Cottonopolis was one of the last great towns in Lancashire to bid for honours in the Association game. Manchester United is, this season, probably the finest team in the League, but the history of the game in Manchester has not been brilliant, whereas the Liverpool teams have fine records.

Strangely enough, the "toffee men" have never headed the League, although they have almost invariably taken a high place. "Liverpool," a much younger team, have carried off the championship on two occasions, '01 and '06, but they have had the humiliation of tumbling into the Second Division on two occasions. Everton takes a leaf out of Derby's book in the matter of lucklessness in its pursuit of the Cup. The Club has appeared in the Final four times, only to win once.

The choice for the greatest football town in England, then, must be made from Birmingham, Liverpool, and Sheffield. The last is least, and that gives it an extra mark. All three maintain two clubs each; but in Brum the Villa alone has a record, whereas each of the other clubs has either won the Cup, or been champions of the League, or has won both these distinctions. Liverpool and Sheffield are also more enthusiastic football centres than Birmingham.

In fact, the claims of Sheffield and Liverpool are extremely well-balanced; but if readers will take the trouble to put down a mark for each point of advantage mentioned, they will find that Sheffield comes out with a slight majority, and so to Sheffield goes the palm.

DUPLICATE DISASTERS.

Streaks of Very Bad Luck.

A FEW weeks ago the steamer *Netherholme* ran upon a reef, and her crew, clambering ashore, found a rope dangling over the cliffs, by the aid of which they reached the top in safety. The coastguards told them that this was the same rope by which the crew of the *Shamrock*, wrecked a short time previously, had been hauled up the cliff, and when daylight came it was discovered that the *Netherholme* had actually gone ashore on top of the former vessel.

Similar strange coincidences of marine disaster are not unknown. The Newlyn fishing boat *Dewdrop* was crossing Mount's Bay, Penzance, when a gust caught her, and a fisherman was drowned.

Six years previously an exactly similar disaster occurred to the *Arethusa* at the same spot, only on this occasion four were drowned. One of them was the father of the man lost from the *Dewdrop*. The *Arethusa*, like the *Dewdrop*, was a Newlyn boat.

Coincidences seem to run in families. Having died within an hour of one another, Mr. Jesse Kemp, a hop grower, and his wife were buried in the same grave at Benenden, near Cranbrook. The father and mother of Mr. Kemp had likewise died on the same day and been interred in the same grave, and, to make the coincidence still more strange, the parents of Mrs. Kemp had also died within an hour and been buried together.

HORSE KILLS FATHER, FOAL KILLS SON.

Extraordinary evidence was given at an inquest held some six years ago at Piddinghoe, in Sussex, on the body of a boy named Lower, who died from injuries caused by a reaping machine. His mother said that she had lost two husbands, both of whom had been run over by a waggon and killed, and in each case it was the same waggon which had caused the accident.

The following coincidence is, if possible, still more peculiar. A groom employed by a gentleman living near Rhyl was kicked to death by a mare. The gentleman naturally got rid of the vicious brute at once and soon afterwards took the son of the dead man into his service. Almost exactly a year later the son met the same fate as had befallen his father. He was kicked to death in the stable.

The animal which killed him was a foal of the creature which had caused the death of his father.

Here is another case of what may be called hereditary fatality: A man named Samuel Turner, who lived at Port Morris, New Jersey, was on his way to work one morning in December, 1903, and as he was a little late took a short cut along the railway. He caught the heel of his boot in the "frog" of a switch, and before he could extricate it, was killed by a passing train.

At the inquest it was told that his father had met the same fate in the same manner and almost at the same spot ten years previously, and that his grandfather had been killed in an identically similar fashion on the same line about twenty years before.

As if this series of accidents were not sufficiently extraordinary, only a month or two after the death of Samuel Turner, a Parisian newspaper gave details of another duplicate tragedy of the same kind. At the station of La Recamerie a shunter named Benoit Fontvielle was crossing the line, just as an engine was coming up, when the heel of his boot caught between two rails at the points. He struggled violently but in vain. The engine wheels cut him in two, and to remove his heel the rails had to be taken up. The unfortunate man's father lost his life in a similar manner within fifty yards of the same spot.

PREMONITION THAT CAME TRUE.

A sensational case of coincidence comes from Newport, Monmouthshire. The wife of Mr. Charles Anstee, an hotel proprietor of the town, fell and fractured her skull. Mr. Anstee told his friends that he had a presentiment that he would die on the anniversary of the death of his wife. Naturally, they did their best to laugh him out of his belief; but, sure enough, on the morning of the anniversary, he was found at five in the morning dead in his bed.

Two men were killed in an explosion in the corning mill of some gunpowder works on Lake Windermere. A friend of one of the dead men said to his companions that he believed he would be killed in a similar fashion, and that shortly. Three months later, to a day, the former disaster was duplicated. A second explosion took place in the same room, and again two men were killed, one of them being he who had had the presentiment.

Seven years ago, when the Inniskilling Dragoons were on their way to South Africa, the *Pergia*, on which they were embarked, ran into a heavy storm near St. Vincent, broke her shaft, and began to drift on to the rocks. A dinghy was got out, and, after much trouble, reached the harbour, where H.M.S. *Diadem* was lying. She at once went to the disabled transport's assistance, and succeeded in getting her safe into harbour. The singular thing is that the last time the Inniskillings were sent on active service—namely, to the Crimea—they were wrecked and only saved with the greatest difficulty.

There's a good time coming, boys, and a good footline, too. See this page next week.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

DYSON'S DISCOVERY.

Telling of the Manner in which a Smart Music-hall Manager Boomed a Singer into Popularity.

By PHYLLIS TYNE.

H. REGINALD SWIFT, ESQ., Secretary to the Central Academy of Music, cleared his throat nervously as a pretty girl in deep mourning was ushered into his presence.

"Good-morning, Miss Grey!" he said, with a somewhat diffident and constrained manner, "I was very sorry to hear of your loss. Very sorry indeed!"

"Thank you," said the girl simply. There was nothing much else to be said under the circumstances.

The secretary tried to think of some further expression of condolence. Failing to do so, he fell back on inviting Miss Grey to be seated.

"Have you a few minutes to spare, Mr. Swift?" she asked.

"Certainly, Miss Grey."

A silence followed. Olive Grey bit her lip, and flushed deeply. It is hard to tell a comparative stranger that you are a pauper, especially when you want to follow up the statement with a request for a very great favour.

"It is possible, Mr. Swift," she began at length, "that I may have to discontinue my studies here."

"My dear Miss Grey, surely not. You ought to go in for a scholarship."

"I'm afraid that would not meet the case, Mr. Swift," sighed Olive, summoning up courage, and getting to her point with a suddenness that was quite alarming. "Father, we have just learned, was practically a bankrupt, and I've got to earn my own living!"

Mr. Swift cleared his throat again, and fidgeted with a pen. "I am very sorry, indeed, Miss Grey. Of course, any work that we can put in your way, we shall be only too pleased to—ah—too pleased, I assure you!"

"But I'm thinking of giving up concert work. It's not remunerative enough. Your guinea pretty nearly all goes in gloves and cab fares, as a rule, and I've *got* to make money."

The secretary sighed. He was all too familiar with the workings of the stage-struck student's mind.

"You would be very unwise, my dear Miss Grey, to give up concert and oratorio work. You have been doing remarkably well, as things go nowadays!"

"I only earned £72 last year, Mr. Swift!" said Olive, "and that all went in fees, music, dresses, cab fares, and all that."

"I doubt if you will find it possible to get on to the stage, unless you have some very influential friends."

"I wasn't thinking of the stage—at least, not exactly," stammered Olive.

"Then you want some pupils, perhaps?"

Olive blushed again, and poked nervously at the carpet with her parasol. Then once more she came to her point with the abruptness born of desperation.

"Mr. Swift, I want an introduction to your cousin."

The secretary felt very uncomfortable. His cousin was Harry Dyson, the well-known manager of the Astor Palace of Varieties. It was certainly the most stylish and "select" hall in the West-end, and some of the "turns" given there were of a distinctly "drawing-room" type. Yet Swift knew it was extremely improbable that Harry Dyson would care to engage a "straight vocalist" with very little experience, however brilliant her actual performance might be.

"Do I understand," he inquired, with a note of surprise in his voice, "that you would like to appear at the Astor as an artiste?"

"I have got to make money somehow!" she murmured apologetically.

"To be frank, Miss Grey, I think your chances of doing so on the variety stage are very small."

"Why? Don't you think I'm good enough?"

"On the contrary, Miss Grey, I fear you are much too good."

"Well, I suppose I could stand a better chance if I could sing through my nose, and dance fearfully and wonderfully," she said with a bitter little laugh. "But won't you give me a letter of introduction, and let me try my luck?"

There was a note of supplication in her voice that was quite pathetic. The girl seemed terribly in earnest.

"It will give the death-blow to your concert and oratorio work," he urged, "if you *do* get into the bill at the Astor. You have an exceptionally fine voice, and you are sure to come to the front in your present line, if only you stick to it."

"But I've had to give up my ambition, Mr. Swift. I want heaps of money, very soon. But don't you think a 'straight vocalist' at the Astor would be a novelty?"

"Not the sort of novelty the public want. And, consider, Miss Grey, you would lose prestige. You would merely be a music-hall artiste!"

"Please, Mr. Swift, don't talk to me about that! You should hear mother going on about it! She says she'd rather starve, but I don't intend to let her. I know what I want to do, Mr. Swift, and I've thoroughly made up my mind about the matter."

Olive Grey was right. She knew what she wanted, and before she left the secretary's office she had obtained it—in the form of a note of introduction to Mr. Harry Dyson.

Within a few days she went through the ordeal of singing to that magnate of the variety world. She sang the "Jewel Song" from *Faust* and "Il Bacio" as if her life depended on it.

"Very nice, Miss Grey, very nice; capital, in fact," said Mr. Dyson. "First-rate, I'm sure. Now, let me see what I can do for you. I could give you an introduction to Albert Winloss, but he's on tour, and he'd probably want you to pay £50 and join his 'travelling school,' as he calls it. You get plenty of experience *as a chorister*, and then when you applied for an understudy with a salary attached, he'd probably tell you that chorus work had ruined your voice. That's the idea, see? It's cruel work, getting a start in the profession, Miss Grey, cruel work! And it's just as bad for some who've been at the game years. Dash it all, Miss Grey, why should you go into it at all? They're too many in it already!"

"Don't you think there's money in my voice, then?"

"Is there any money in your pocket to back up the voice with, hey? You see your voice is a Grand Opera voice. That's where the trouble comes in. I think, after all, Winloss is the man for you to get in with?"

"Not if he charges me £50 to break my voice!" said Olive sharply.

"Well, you can but try your luck. I wish you had a turn that would go down at the Astor. *Then* I could do something for you!"

"Isn't my singing good enough for the Astor?" asked Olive pluckily.

"Well, it is—and it isn't! It's too straight. If you could accompany yourself on a dulcimer, or stand on your head on the neck of a bottle while you sang, it would be a very pretty turn indeed!"

"Exquisite!" said Olive.

"You see, it wouldn't do without something to give it snap and go. It wants something to make the turn crisp and lifey!"

"I see, Mr. Dyson. I'm very much obliged to you for seeing me," said Olive, feeling very sick at heart.

Dyson rose, and went to the door. "I must think, Miss Grey," he said, "and see if I don't know someone who could put something in your way. Of course, the only concert agents who aren't sharks have got their books chock-full. Good-bye."

Olive began to descend the stairs, when Dyson suddenly shouted out to her to come back. She did so, and found that the man's whole demeanour had changed.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed, his eyes blazing with excitement. "why the dickens didn't I think of it before! Of course! It's *the* thing! Look here, Miss Grey, *I'll pay you £5 a week to sell programmes!*"

Olive stared at the man, and an incredulous little laugh broke from her lips.

"I mean it, Miss Grey. But not a word to the other girls, mind, as to who you are—you're to be a programme girl, see? Just a programme girl, and your salary will be—well, a private arrangement. Five pounds a week! What d'you say?"

"Merely that your cousin did not send me here to be insulted," replied Olive, wishing she had never heard of Mr. Dyson at all.

"Ten pounds a week!" snapped the imperturbable Dyson, as though the girl were merely angling for a better bid.

Olive walked out of the office, burning with shame and indignation. Ten pounds a week! To degrade herself, to lose her self-respect. To sell programmes! What could the man mean? There was nothing for it but to reconcile herself to dingy, sordid apartments in a dingy, sordid suburb, and a "connection" of miserable little children to teach at the rate of five shillings a quarter!

"*Ten pounds a week!*"

Olive Grey turned and went back into Mr. Dyson's office.

* * * * *

What had become of Olive Grey? Why were letters addressed to her returned? Why had she chosen to bury herself from her fellow-creatures, and how had she succeeded so effectually? These questions were being asked by everybody at the Central Academy of Music, from Sir Francis Milward, the principal, down to Bobby Camp, the lift-boy.

It was the latter young gentleman who solved the mystery. One Saturday night, he decided to squander one-tenth of his weekly wage on a visit to the gallery at the Astor. Here, to his great surprise and chagrin, he had found Miss Grey—selling programmes! And he had been in the habit of elevating himself to the seventh heaven, whenever he had had the privilege and honour of elevating her to the top floor.

With a certain amount of chivalrous feeling, he pretended not to recognise her, but next morning the news spread through the academy like wildfire, until it reached the astonished ears of Mr. Swift, the secretary.

He immediately rang his cousin up on the telephone.

"Hallo! Is that you, Harry? It's Reginald. I say. Can you hear? About that Miss Grey I sent along to you. There's an absurd rumour going around this place that she's selling programmes at the Astor!"

"Well? It's perfectly true!"

"*True?* Look here, Harry, what the dickens do you mean?"

"I mean that Miss Grey is on the staff as a programme girl, and getting thundering good pay. Ten pounds a week!"

"I don't want to be sorry I sent her to you, Harry. What's your game?"

"You'll know soon enough!"

"Tell me at once. Is it all square?"

"That's my business!"

"It doesn't sound like business at all."

"Doesn't it? You don't know what business is, or you'd see through the wheeze. Don't fret, my boy, you'll know all about it soon. Ring off, please, miss!"

Swift was used to treatment of this kind from his prosperous cousin, so he merely cleared his throat and returned to his desk. For some time he pondered the matter, wondering if he had been wise in acceding to the girl's request. Dyson was always looked upon as a man to be trusted, so he had harboured no fears of any kind. But things with regard to Olive Grey were puzzling, to say the least of it! Finally, Swift resolved to go up to the Astor and get a few words with the girl herself the first time he had a free evening.

On the following Monday, he had no engagement, but he was detained late at the Academy on account of a students' recital. When this was over, however, he made his way to the Astor, accompanied by three or four young students, who would not believe the rumour about Olive Grey until they had seen her selling programmes with their own eyes.

"If she's really down on her luck," said one of them, as they made their way up the steps to the gallery of the Astor, where rumour had it that Olive was on duty, "we might get up a big concert for her benefit. What do you think, Mr. Swift?"

"An excellent idea, Harley," answered Swift, smiling at the young man's true professional instinct.

Very soon they entered the gallery. A girl's voice—a brilliant, flexible, soprano voice—was singing some very florid operatic aria, with excellent effect. The house was listening entranced.

"Great Heavens!" whispered Harley. "*That's Olive singing!*"

There was very little "standing room" left, but Swift managed to forge his way to the front of the crowd who were herded together at the back of the gallery.

Yes. It was Olive Grey! And she was singing in the simple costume of a programme girl! A neat, black frock, white apron, and large black bow in her hair, were all in keeping with the bundle of programmes she held in her right hand, for the sake of effect.

The air ended with a magnificently executed bravura, and the audience broke out into a storm of applause.

"Sellin' programmes 'ere only last Saturday, she was!" said an excited little Cockney to Swift.

"Indeed? May I see your programme?"

"Cer'nly."

Swift glanced down the list of items. "No. 10. Miss May Trelawney, the Programme-girl Patti," he read. Under the name there was a note in brackets as follows: "This talented young lady was, until last Saturday, employed at this establishment as a seller of programmes. Her wonderful talents were discovered quite accidentally by Mr. Harry Dyson. For a full description of this, the musical sensation of the century, see to-morrow's *Morning Star*."

Swift handed the programme back to the little Cockney with a cynical smile. The students all made up their minds to become door porters and window cleaners at the various music-halls, but it was too late. Within a week talented menials were at a discount. But the original programme-girl Patti was the rage of London. The papers were full of "Dyson's discovery," and "May Trelawney" continued to draw the town to her feet until Olive Grey's future, and that of her mother, were secured from want.

Then "May Trelawney" vanished altogether, and, after a few years, a soprano of the name of Olive Grey began to make marked headway on the concert platform. And not a few people fancied they noticed in this lady a marked resemblance to the wonderful programme girl whom that enterprising and popular manager, Mr. Harry Dyson, "discovered."

LIVING MEN ENTOMBED IN SUNKEN SHIPS.

A STRIKING example of one amongst the many strange accidents that befall sailors, was reported the other day from Newcastle, New South Wales.

The barkentine *Kate Tatham* turned turtle in a gale, and one of her crew was shut up in her hold. The survivors, who had climbed on her keel as she heeled over, naturally took it for granted that he was drowned. What was their surprise, therefore, to presently hear faint knockings from beneath their feet, evidently made by their imprisoned comrade.

Help was at hand, and a hole was cut through the ship's bottom, when the man was hauled out, little the worse for his terrible experience. He had, it appeared, been kept alive by the air, which had been imprisoned in the hull when the vessel capsized, and which, becoming compressed as the water rose, had eventually stopped its further encroachment. He had used a balk of floating timber to support himself.

His imprisonment lasted for two hours, and in the cabled reports sent to this country the incident is characterised as unparalleled. This, however, is by no means correct. There are several cases on record of men having lived in similar circumstances in the hulks of capsized ships, not hours only, but days, the most remarkable authenticated instance being that of Captain Engallandt, of the *Erndte*, who was rescued alive after an entombment lasting altogether eleven days, eighteen hours.

During this period the derelict, drifting bottom uppermost, was sighted by the masters of several vessels, all of whom, however, passed nonchalantly by, none imagining for a moment that the semi-submerged and capsized hulk contained, shut up in its vitals, a living man.

Eventually, the *Erndte* drifted ashore near Dantzic, and Captain Engallandt was taken out alive, although greatly emaciated.

Love is blind; so if you're in love it's no good trying to read the footline on this page next week. Nevertheless you'll miss something.

(Continued from page [illegible] Cont.)

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GREAT SUCCESS OF

'THE LIMERICK PUNSTER.'

£4,246 WAS WON FROM IT IN A WEEK, BESIDES £744 IN "PEARSON'S."
FIVE MORE FIRST PRIZE WINNERS.

Of the twenty-five winners in the "Bellmaker" Limericks the following five proved equal of the "Punster": Miss L. [illegible], Mr. A. Halliday, Esq., J. Eaton, Esq., Mrs. M. Oakes, and W. Turner, Esq. [illegible] "PUNSTER" I have won 4 prizes." Mr J. B. [illegible] "I owe my success to 'PUNSTER.' I have won 4 prizes." Mr. J. L. [illegible] "I owe success to 'PUNSTER' [illegible] prizes); "YOUR BOOKS have cost me AGAIN and AGAIN [illegible] BEST OF ALL LIMERICK [illegible] "It was your 'PUNSTER' that gave me the idea; it is a capital aid in composing lines." The above will be sent direct free, when it can be used to win a FIRST PRIZE, you should send at once for the GREAT BOOK WHICH TELLS you HOW TO WRITE SUCCESSFUL LIMERICKS. The Publishers have sent 10 prizes, including several items, by the aid of their books.

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Signature.....

Available from 5 p.m., Thursday, January 16th, 1908, until midnight, Friday, January 24th, 1908.

LATEST LIMERICK VICTORIES.

WHAT WINNERS SAY OF "THE LIMERICK RHYMESTER."

Since last week a further batch of letters has come to hand from winners of big prizes, speaking highly in favour of the "Limerick Rhymester." Here are some of the chief extracts:—

H. C. Hawkins, R.N.R.A., Watchmaker and Jeweller, Turner's Hill, Sussex (winner of £110 12s.), writes:

"As you are doubtless aware, I am one of the successful competitors in Pearson's Weekly Limerick Competition, No. 24, and I think I can do no less than say that I can ascribe that success *largely* to the help of your valuable little book, 'The Limerick Rhymester,' which I purchased some time ago from a railway bookstall.

"The lists of words rhyming in the same sound are most helpful and cover a great deal of work and trouble to the would-be winners. To all the latter, my advice is, 'If you would win, get "The Limerick Rhymester," and get it now.'"

Mr. C. W. Palmer, 61 High Street, Godalming (winner of £92 18s.), writes:

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COMING HOLIDAYS, 1908.	JANUARY.	FEBRUARY.	MARCH.	APRIL.	MAY.	Lighting Up Times for this Week.
Good Friday . . April 17.	W 1 8 15 22 29	S 5 12 19 26	S 1 8 15 22 29	W 1 8 15 22 29	F 1 8 15 22 29	Jan. 17 ... 5.22
Easter Monday . April 20.	T 2 9 16 23 30	M 6 13 20 27	M 2 9 16 23 30	T 2 9 16 23 30	S 2 9 16 23 30	" 18 ... 5.23
Whitsun Monday . June 1.	F 3 10 17 24 31	T 7 14 21 28	T 3 10 17 24 31	F 3 10 17 24	M 4 11 18 25	" 19 ... 5.24
Bank Holiday . . August 3.	S 4 11 18 25	W 1 8 15 22 29	W 4 11 18 25	S 4 11 18 25	T 5 12 19 26	" 20 ... 5.25
Christmas Day . December 25.		T 2 9 16 23	T 5 12 19 26	M 5 12 19 26	W 6 13 20 27	" 21 ... 5.26
Boxing Day . . December 26.		F 3 10 17 24	F 6 13 20 27	T 6 13 20 27	T 7 14 21 28	" 22 ... 5.28
		S 4 11 18 25	S 7 14 21 28	W 7 14 21 28	F 1 8 15 22 29	" 23 ... 5.30
					S 2 9 16 23 30	

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and chronic chest troubles.

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THE LOT

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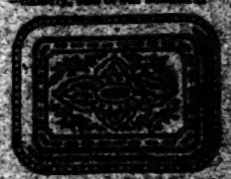

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